ACTION SPORTS

THE Wrestler

Confessions of an Ex-Champion

JUNE 1971
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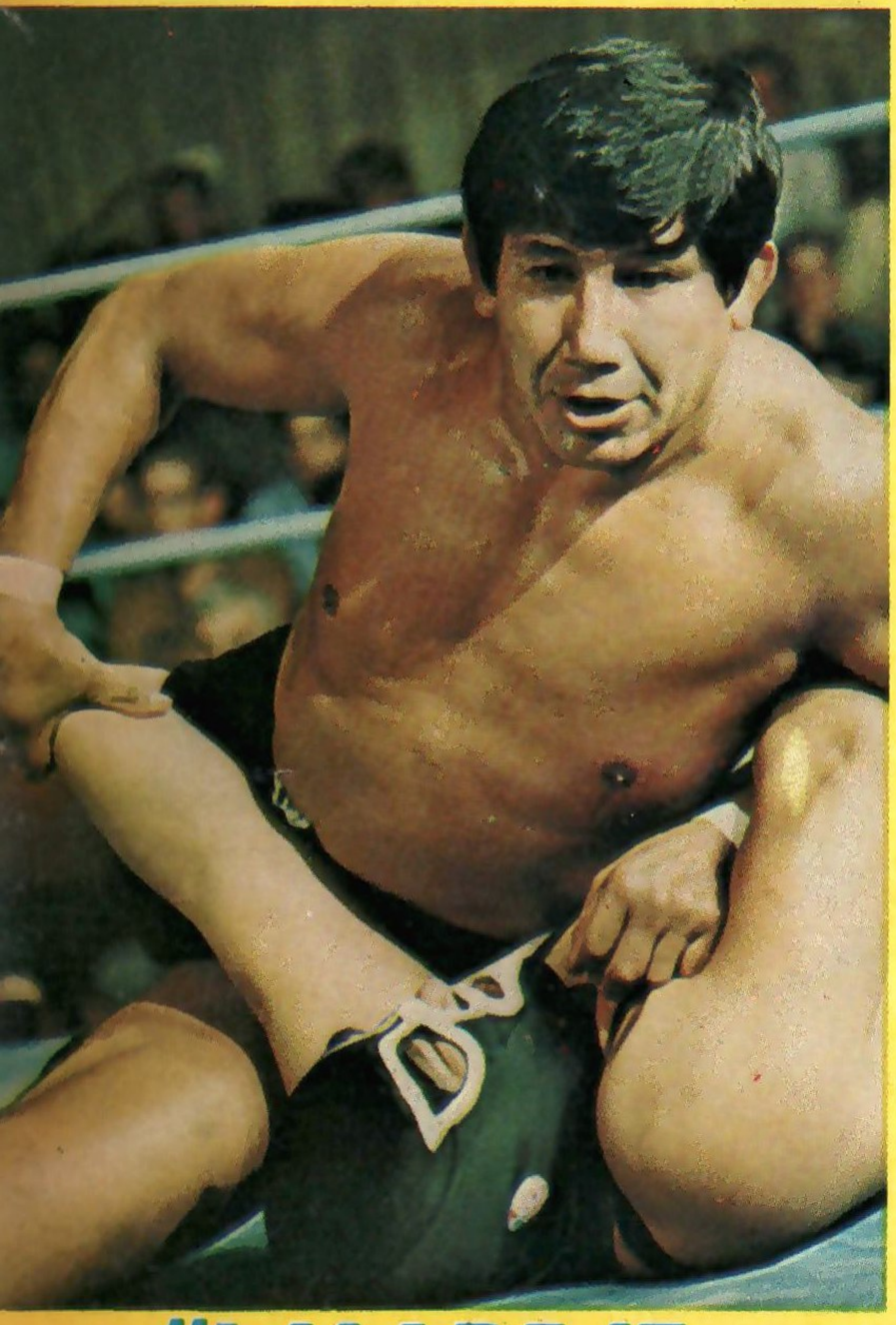
HOW MARIA MADE VIVIAN A BELIEVER



"I MADE IT ON MY OWN!" Says Ray Mendoza

THE BRAWL WE HAD TO INVESTIGATE!

I put 2 full inches on my arms— 3 inches on my chest and trimmed 4 inches off my waist in just 7 weeks...

thanks to the Joe Weider Musclebuilding Course!"—

WHY NOT YOU?

SAYS MOVIE AND T.V. STAR, ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER, "Mr. Universe" winner. He believes you, too, can easily duplicate his musclebuilding success with the Weider Course.

Why only the Joe Weider "MR. AMERICA" muscle-building course can MUSCLE YOU UP — SHAPE YOU UP—TOUGHEN YOU UP—FAST in just 7 short weeks—and in the privacy of your own home.

It makes no difference whether you're fat, skinny, scraggy or flabby, young or not-so-young—whether you're an office worker, laborer, executive or schoolboy—the WEIDER SYSTEM will pack 4 inches on your chest, 3 inches on each arm—give you football-player shoulders, muscularize your waistline, sock your legs with strength and speed—and "powerize" your entire body—IN JUST 7 SHORT WEEKS—OR LESS!

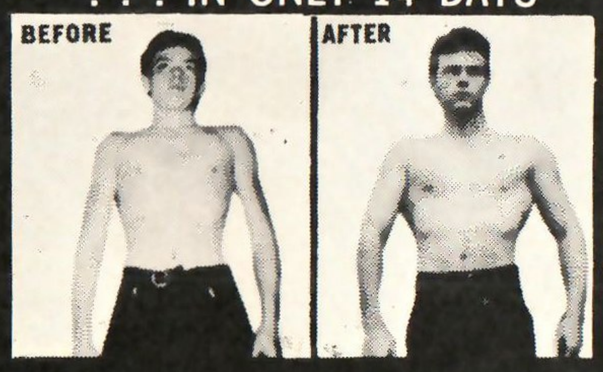
Only the WEIDER SYSTEM can do this for you because it is based on **scientific** principle—and **proven** by the hundreds of thousands of Champions it has developed since 1938. Practically every Mr. America, Mr. Universe and other "perfect man" title winners used the WEIDER SYSTEM to build their muscle-studded bodies.

NO OTHER MUSCLE-BUILDING SYSTEM ON EARTH CAN MATCH THIS FABULOUS RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT—AND NOW THAT SAME SURE-FIRE SYSTEM IS ENTIRELY WITHIN YOUR REACH!

Just rush in free coupon and I will send you proof that you too can own a new "Wildcat Take-Charge" body in just 7 short weeks—It's free, while the supply lasts!

HERE'S LIVING PROOF HOW FAST MY COURSE WORKS!

. . . IN ONLY 14 DAYS



HE GAINS 16 POUNDS

BEFORE: Walter Leno, Jr. was weak and "under-nourished" looking—ashamed to be seen anywhere in public.
AFTER: Walter used Weider methods and in just 14 days put on 16 pounds, 2¼" on his arms and 2¼" on his chest!

IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU, TOO!

. . . IN ONLY 30 DAYS

HE GAINS 25 LBS.

BEFORE: Paul Carmody weighed a skinny 135 lbs. with "toothpick" arms and a shallow chest. He longed to be big and strong.
AFTER: Paul put himself under Weider methods and gained 25 muscular lbs. in 30 days, adding 1½" to his arms, 5" to his chest!

WHY NOT YOU?

FREE! BIG MUSCLE-BUILDING BOOK!

MAIL THIS COUPON TO ME TODAY AND I'LL RUSH YOU MY NEW BIG 34-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK — FREE! It's jam-packed with **proof** that you can become an athletic, virile, "Take-Charge" He-Man **in just 7 WEEKS—OR LESS!** It's loaded with photos, tips, suggestions that will help make your fondest musclebuilding dreams come true—just as it did for Arnold Schwarzenwegger and over 2,000,000 other successful students! **SEND FOR IT NOW—IT'S ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

JOE WEIDER

Is your Personal Trainer! He has trained almost every "Mr. America", "Mr. Universe", "Mr. Canada", perfect men title winners since 1938 — and over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over!

No other instructor in history can come close to this fantastic record!

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

JOE WEIDER
Dept. 209-51A
531 - 32nd Street
Union City, New Jersey 07087

Dear Joe: Okay, sock it to me! Rush me your Free musclebuilding information and Free "Muscle Up" book that I can use right away to build a handsome new "Take-Charge" body—in just 7 short weeks—in the privacy of my own home. I'm enclosing 25c to cover mailing and handling costs. I'm under no further obligation.

NAME (please print clearly) AGE

ADDRESS

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YOU'RE UNDER NO OBLIGATION — NOTHING TO BUY!

THE STRONGEST, MOST VIRILE AND ADMIRED MEN ARE BUILT BY THE WEIDER SYSTEM—FAST!

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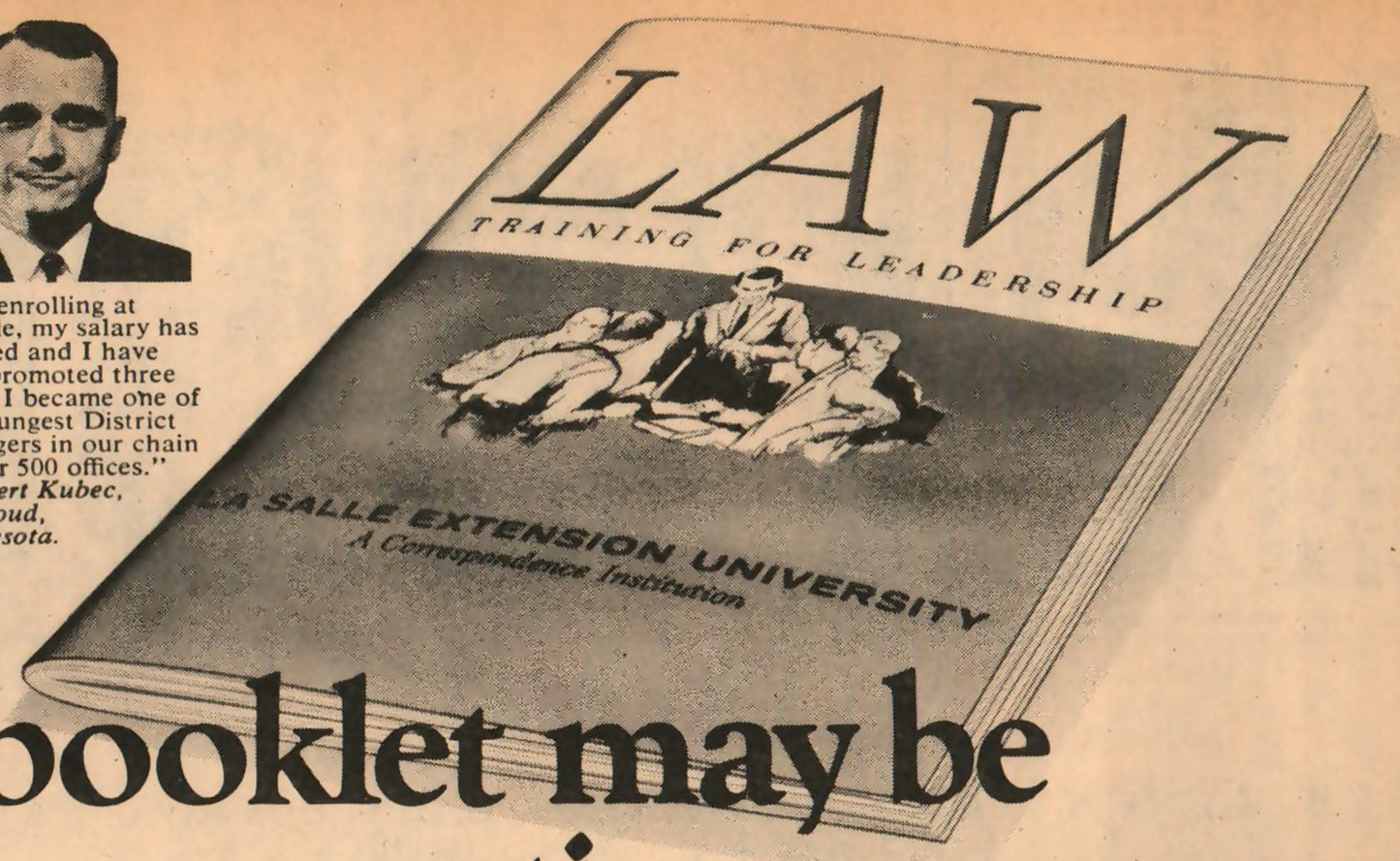
—Thomas B. Spears, Chesapeake, Virginia.

"This training has enabled me to rise through the ranks of my company, from a laborer earning $1.55 per hour to a retail store manager . . . with a yearly salary well in excess of $14,000."*—Julian A. Smith, San Francisco, California.*

"Since enrolling at LaSalle, my salary has doubled and I have been promoted three times. I became one of the youngest District Managers in our chain of over 500 offices."
—Robert Kubec, St. Cloud, Minnesota.



This free booklet may be your key to executive success.

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Executives must often weigh the legal considerations involved in contracts, liability, insurance, employment, marketing, and many other areas. That is why a background of law study is an advantage.

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ACTION SPORTS

THE Wrestler

CONTENTS JUNE 1971

6 **HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY, Bill Apter**
Behind-the-scenes of wrestling's wonderful world

12 **FAN CLUB CORNER**
Here's how to really support your favorite wrestlers

14 **REPORTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS**
This feature puts it all together

16 **WHERE DOES BRUNO GO FROM HERE?**
The answer to the sport's most complex question

18 **HOW MARIA MADE VIVIAN A BELIEVER**
One of the greatest girl wrestlers in the world realizes there are two sides to every story

22 **HOW BOB WINDHAM BECAME BLACKJACK MULLIGAN**
An exclusive look into the startling transformation

26 **YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A TEENAGER TO BE TUNED INTO RAY MENDOZA**
The delightful Mexican ace gives wrestling a new dimension

30 **"I WANT TO TEAM WITH THE WORLD'S DIRTIEST WRESTLERS" Says Pepper Gomez**
And nobody ever had better reasons than the popular Pepper

32 **THE BLOODY BRAWL WE HAD TO INVESTIGATE**
It all started with a piece of blood-soaked barbed wire!

34 **RON FULLER—THAT'S SOME CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK**
Towering son of a great star launches his own mat career

38 **BOB RAMSTAD—PROGRESS REPORT ON AN EX-ROOKIE OF THE YEAR**
Has Bob lived up to the honor we bestowed on him? Here's the answer . . .

42 **AMATEUR GIRL WRESTLERS—THEY'RE THE WILDEST!**
With no referees to slow 'em down, anything goes

56 **"STAND STILL, DAMMIT!"**
That kid wants your autograph

58 **YOUR LETTERS**
Love us or hate us, here's your chance to sound off

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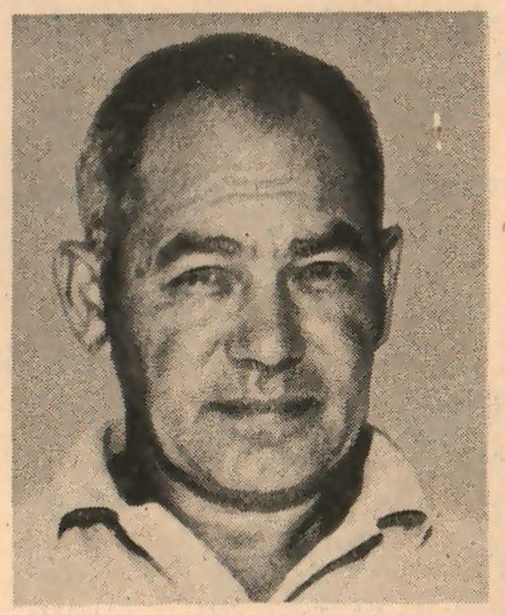
when I planned to **retire before fifty**

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey



Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it on a little over a thousand dollars of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—a little over a thousand dollars—and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one-man business while getting a start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent or other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But, best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And, I could build this little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible —I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over $40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start for a little over a thousand dollars. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

Would you like to taste the freedom and independence enjoyed by Mr. Haikey? You can. Let us send you the facts. Mail the coupon, and you'll receive all the details, absolutely without obligation. No salesman will ever call on you. When you receive our illustrated booklet, you'll learn how we show you STEP BY STEP how to get customers; and how to have your customers get you more customers from their recommendations.

With no obligation, we'll mail you a 24-page brochure explaining the business. Then you, and you alone, in the privacy of your home, can decide. Don't delay. Get the facts before your location is taken by someone else. Mail the coupon, now.

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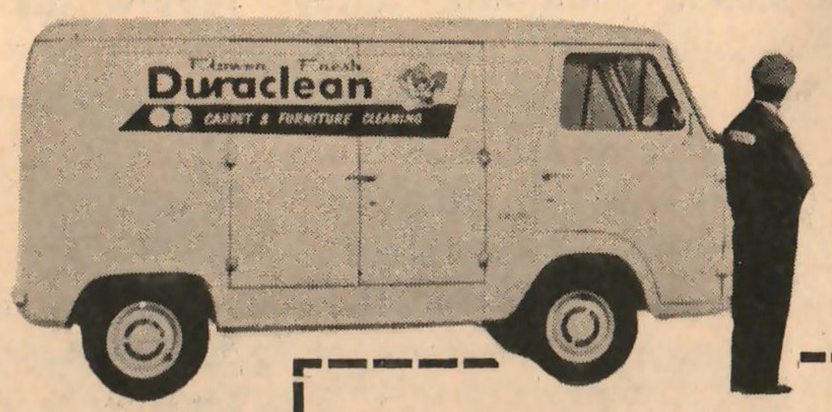

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HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

By Bill Apter

SINCE FRED BLASSIE has turned "good guy" he's been running into some real tough luck. On a recent TV interview, Fred was proudly displaying his newly-won Americas' Championship belt, when out of nowhere came vicious Dutch Savage. Savage grabbed the belt out of Blassie's hands and whacked him over the head with it until Fred collapsed, drenched in his own blood! Looking down at the battered titleholder, Savage yelled, "Is this what you call a champion? I'm gonna have his name taken off the title belt and put the rightful owner's name on it—Dutch Savage!" Blassie was carried away on a stretcher while Savage strutted around the arena wearing the belt that technically belongs to Blassie.

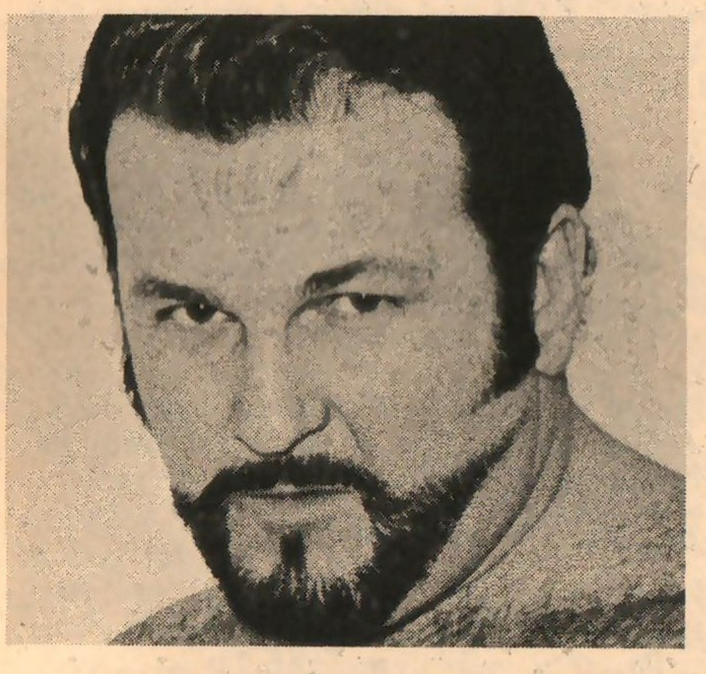
On still another occasion Fred was teamed with Ray Mandoza against Goliath and Black Gordman. In Goliath and Gordman's corner was their new manager, Sieto, who was ordered to stay out of the ring and not to interfere with the match.

This time Blassie's hard luck popped up when, while he had Gordman in an abdominal stretch, Sieto handed Goliath a bag filled with sand and Goliath ran into the ring and threw the sand in Blassie's face. The referee told Goliath to get out of the ring while Gordman continued to batter Blassie. By the time the referee got back to Blassie and Gordman, Gordman was all over Freddie. Fred was blinded for almost an hour and it took two doctors to remove the sand from his burning eyes.

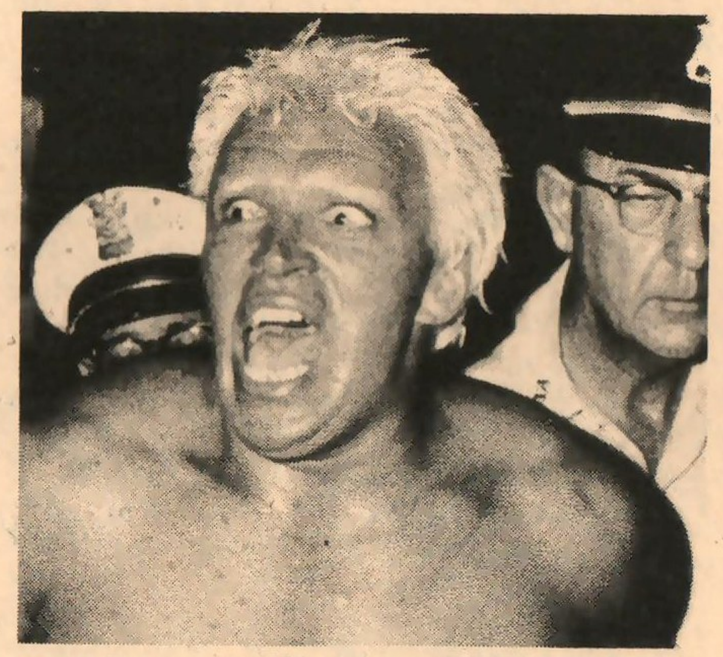
Lou Albano is bringing Tarzan Tyler to New York in hopes of destroying Pedro Morales and Gorilla Monsoon. Albano has also purchased the contract of Bulldog Brower, whom he feels will one day become the world's champion... Killer Kowalski can't wait to get a return match with Dory Funk Jr... Tony Angelo and Crusher Verdu are touring European rings... Little Bobo wants to team up with Big Bobo Brazil in a mixed tag team match... Midget star Sky Low Low told us, "I'd never wrestle a girl midget because I have enough trouble with the little women at home!"... Haystack Calhoun is after a match with the Sheik's manager, Abdullah Farouk... Tony Marino's begging promoters to get him a bout with hated rival, Gito Mongol... Beautiful Bobby carries his own theme music wherever he wrestles... Prince Maivia is a big hit in Southern California... Giant John "The Golden Greek" Tolos is flattening all competition in the St. Louis area... Bulldog Brower's still chasing Pedro Morales... Bruno Sammartino is back in action after a well needed vacation. We'd like to see him wrestle Pedro Morales. Man, what a match that would be!... Pat Patterson refuses to tell anyone why he's donned a mask... In a recent interview, The Black Demon confessed, "I'm not an egomaniac. I'm just the most handsome wrestler in the world."

Gorilla Monsoon and Blackjack Mulligan are feuding... Since

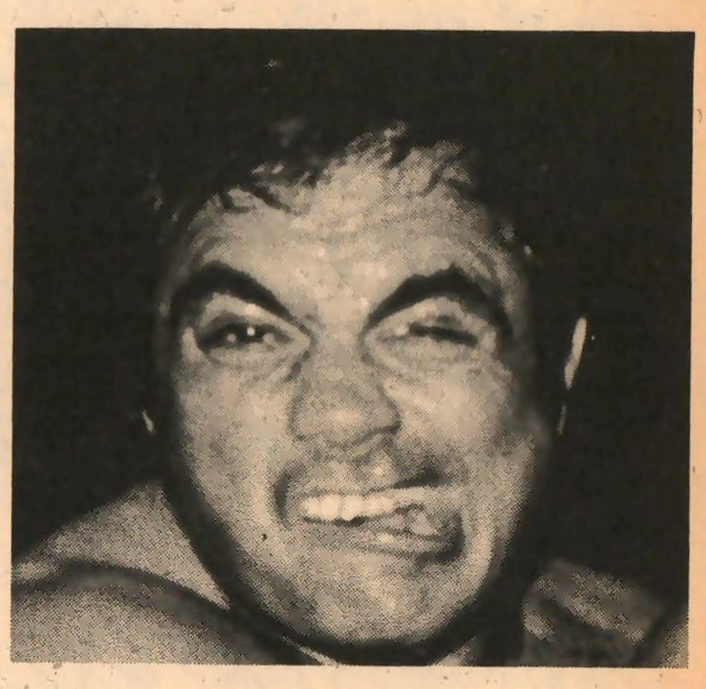
(Continued on page 10)



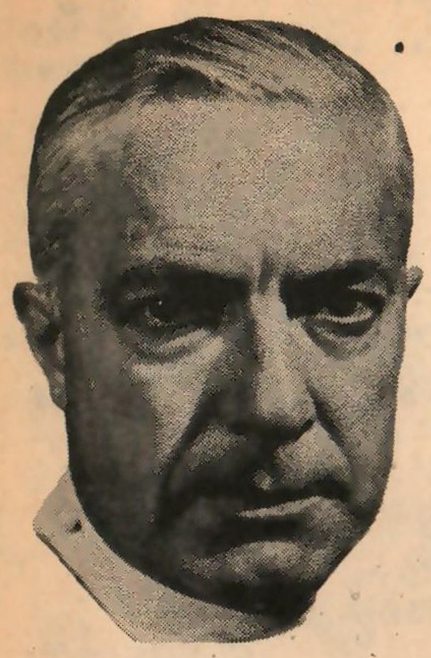
Dutch Savage



Tarzan Tyler



Big John Tolos



An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

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"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C.E.H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

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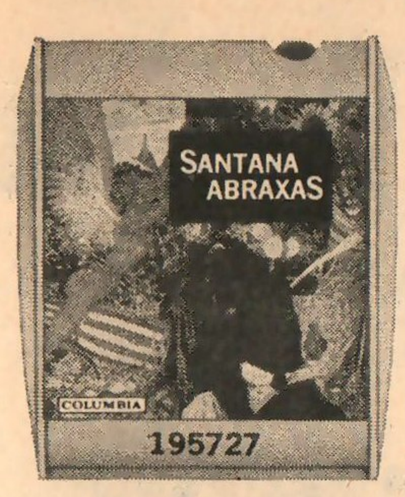

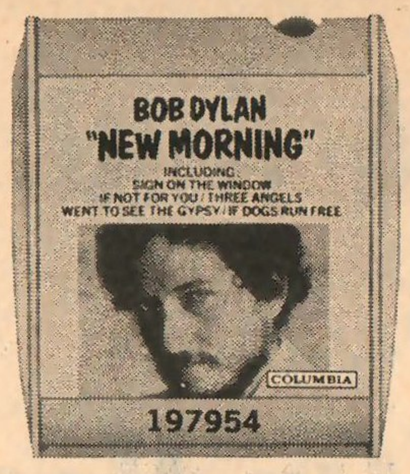

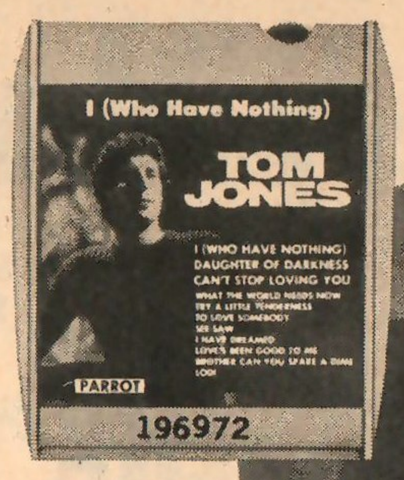

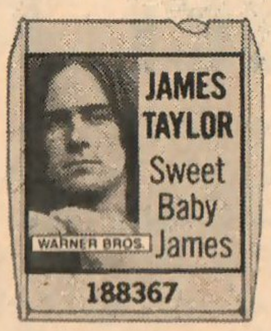

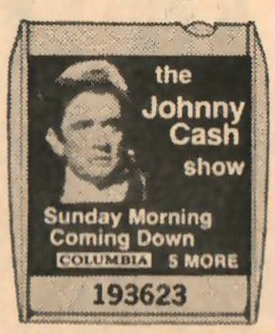

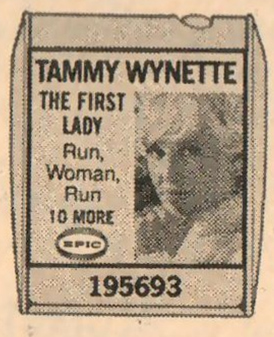

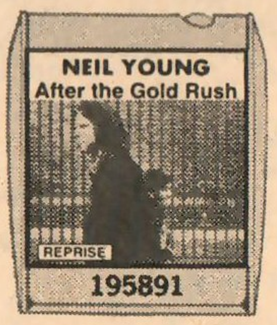

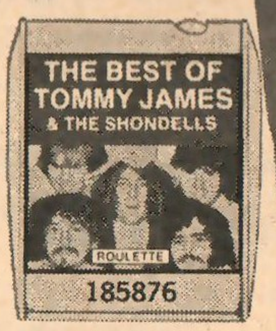

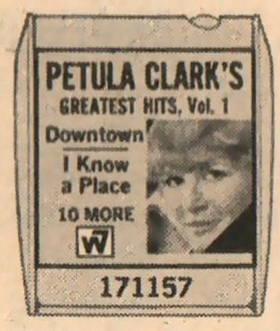

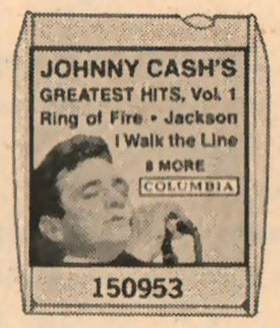

As your introduction, choose Any 3 8-track cartridges

for only $1.00 plus mailing and handling

when you join now, and agree to purchase as few as four additional cartridges during the coming year, from the more than 600 to be offered

Or...if you have no tape cartridge equipment, take this complete 8-track cartridge system

for only $29.95 plus mailing and handling

when you join by buying three cartridges now, and agreeing to buy only twelve additional cartridges during the coming two years, from the more than 1,000 to be offered.

The richness of full stereo sound—with the convenience of 8-track cartridges!

Here's everything you need to enjoy the new world of 8-track cartridges! Precision-engineered to high Columbia standards, the System—with its solid state design and rich walnut-vinyl finish—includes a Player with Program Indicator to control 4 stereo channels (8 tracks) of music that play automatically or can be switched from channel to channel with the touch of a finger. The Amplifier has right and left speaker Volume Controls, plus Tone Control to adjust bass and treble balance. The Twin Speaker Enclosures have sensitive yet heavy-duty speakers for maximum stereo fidelity. From Japan. Dimensions: Player is 8⅝" W x 4½" H x 10¾" D. Amplifier is 6¾" W x 3¼" H x 8¼" D. Each speaker is 7¼" W x 9½" H x 4¼" D.

Beautiful, compact matched component system!

Here's the most advanced, most convenient, most trouble-free way for you and your family to enjoy stereo music in your home! It's the famous, 4-piece component COLUMBIA 8-TRACK TAPE CARTRIDGE SYSTEM . . . at a truly fabulous bargain price!

With the Columbia 8-Track Cartridge System, you'll have **everything** you need to enjoy the full stereo fidelity, plus the effortless convenience of 8-track cartridges in your home! Cartridge tapes never need rewinding, play continuously—switch automatically from track to track . . . and the System, with its two beautiful, matched speaker cabinets, provides superb stereophonic sound!

You might expect to pay up to $99.95—even more—for this System at fine stores in your area. Yet now you may have it for only $29.95—**a price even below our own cost**—when you join and buy three cartridges of your choice at the regular Club price of $6.98 each, under terms outlined in this advertisement. Note that you may charge the System to one of your credit cards, if you wish.

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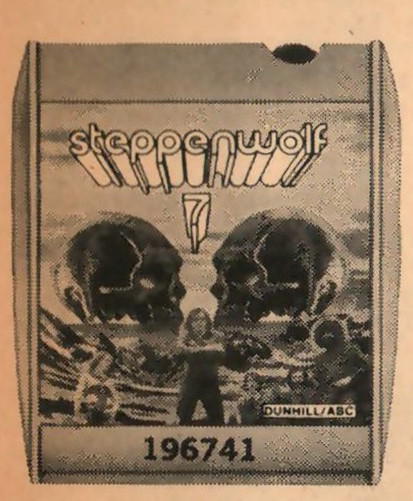
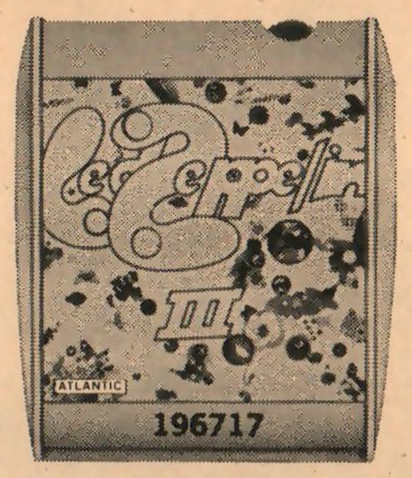
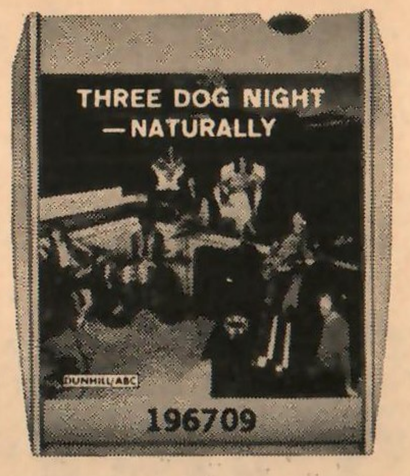
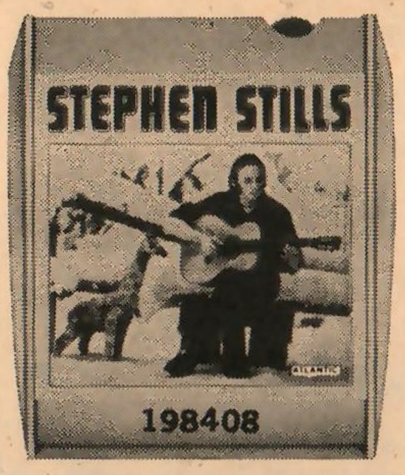
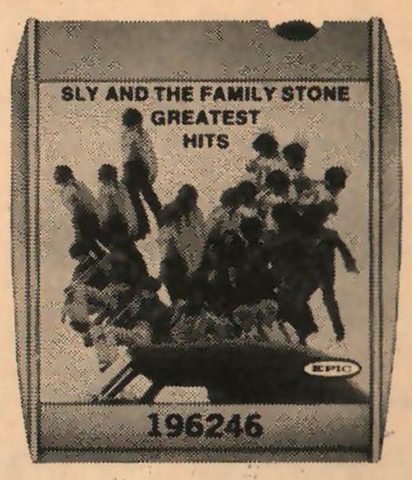
on 8-track cartridges!

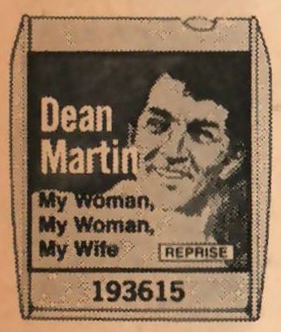


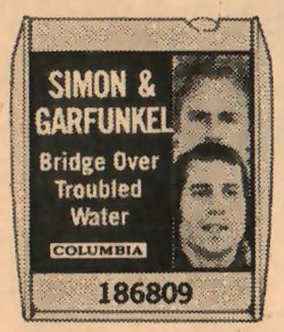


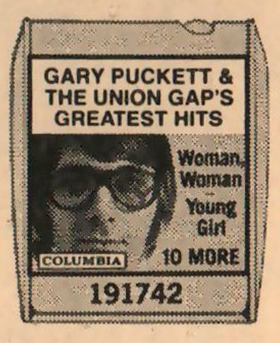


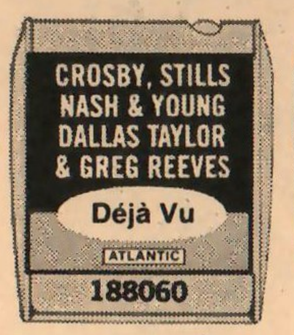


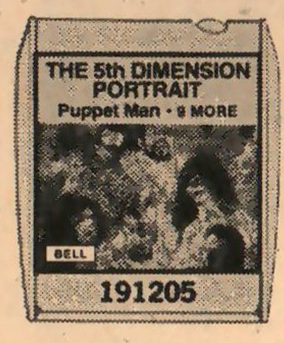


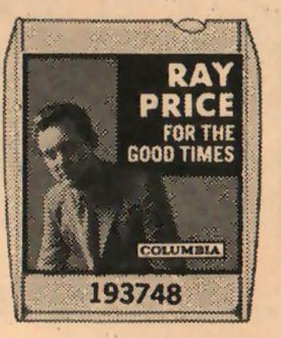


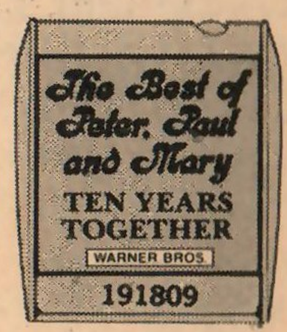


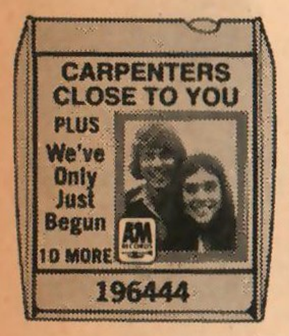


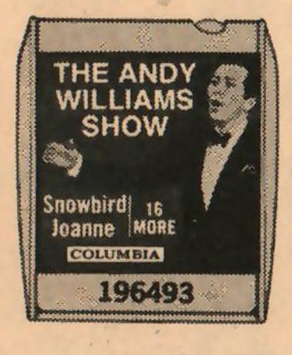


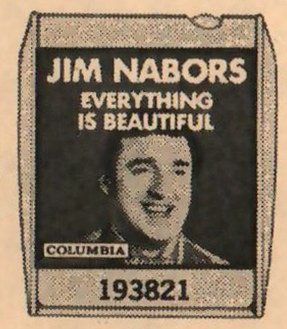


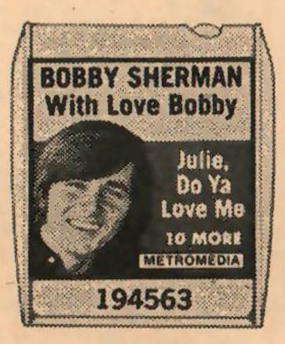


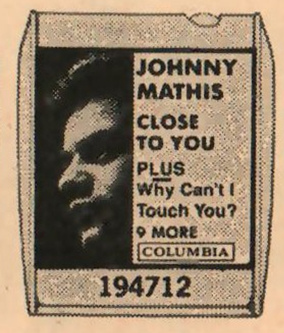


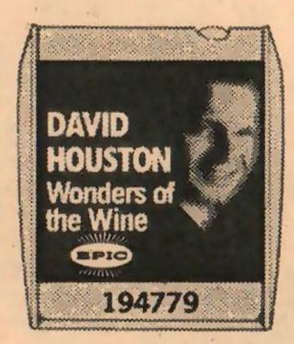


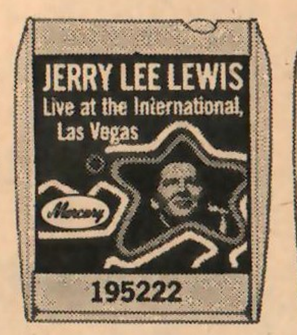


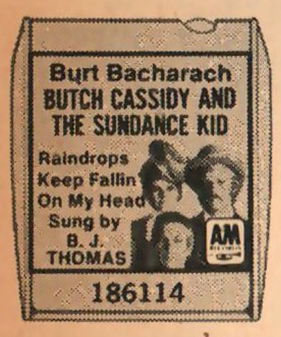


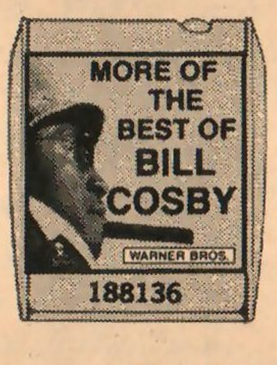


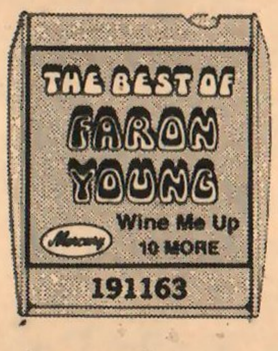




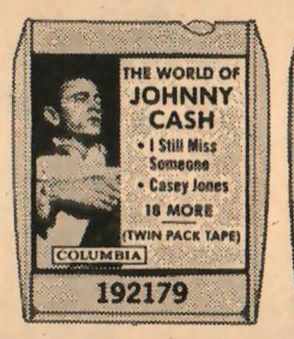








TWIN-PACKS
Twice the music—yet each counts as one selection



YES, THAT'S RIGHT! You may have any 3 of the best-selling 8-track cartridges shown here—ALL 3 for only $1.00! That's the fabulous bargain for new members who join now and agree to purchase as few as four additional selections in the coming year. As a member you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Club's buying guide. Each issue offers scores of different cartridges to choose from—the best-sellers from over 50 different labels!

If you want only the regular selection of your main musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered . . . or take no cartridge at all . . . just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more, from time to time the Club will offer some special cartridges which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided . . . or accept by doing nothing.

YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT! Upon enrollment, we will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your cartridges only after you've received them—and are enjoying them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $6.98 (some special cartridges somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN! Once you've completed your enrollment agreement, you'll get a cartridge of your choice FREE (plus 25¢ mailing and handling) for every two cartridges you buy! That's like getting a 33⅓% discount from regular Club prices on all the cartridges you want, for as long as you want!

Columbia Tape Club
a service of
Columbia House
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Mail this coupon today!

COLUMBIA TAPE CLUB B92-2/4F
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please accept me as a member of the Club. I've indicated below the three cartridges I wish to receive for $1.00, plus mailing and handling. I agree to purchase four more selections during the coming year at the regular Club price under the terms outlined in this advertisement . . . and I may cancel my membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I will be eligible for the Club's generous bonus plan.

SEND ME THESE 3 CARTRIDGES (fill in numbers below)

My main musical interest is (check one box only):
☐ Easy Listening ☐ Today's Sounds ☐ Country

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs. _____
☐ Miss (Please print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want to receive the Columbia 8-Track Tape Cartridge System for only $29.95. Enclose your check or money order as full payment. (Complete satisfaction is guaranteed or your money will be refunded in full.) You'll be billed $6.98 each for your first three cartridges (plus a mailing and handling charge for the cartridges and System), and you merely agree to purchase as few as twelve additional cartridges during the next two years at the regular Club price. (Be sure to indicate in the boxes above the three cartridges you want.)

If you wish to charge your System, your first three cartridges (plus mailing and handling) to a credit card, check one and fill in your account number below:

☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge
☐ Midwest Bank Card ☐ Uni-Card ☐ BankAmericard

Account Number _____ Expiration Date _____

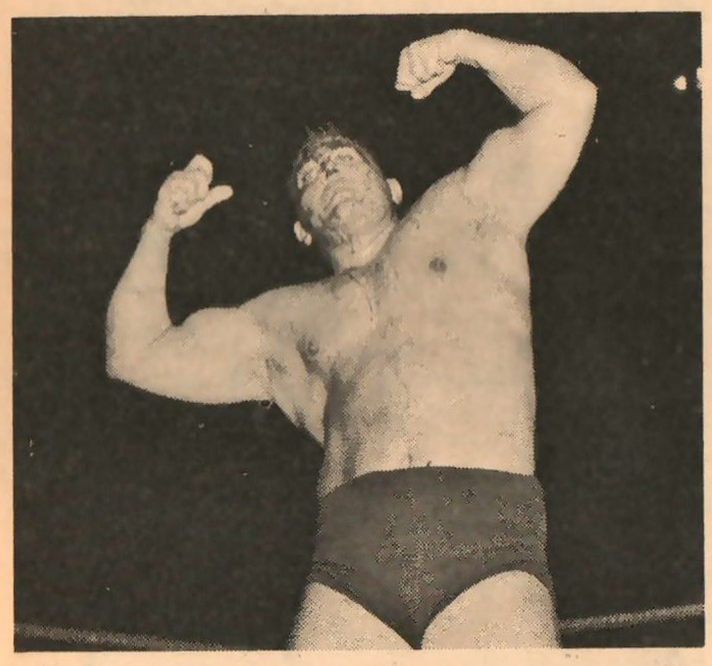
Signature _____ B92-3/5S B92-4/6S

HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 6)

being unmasked as the Crimson Knight, Big Bill Miller is on a winning streak . . . Baron Von Raschke lost two in a row—to Dory Funk Jr. and the Bruiser . . . Hans Schmidt wants Bruiser to accept a Texas Death Match . . . The WWWF U.S. Title will go to the winner of a tournament to be held in New York. The title was held by Pedro Morales until he upset Ivan Koloff to become the WWWF Wrestling King. Pedro's not permitted to keep 'em both.

One of the most outspoken managers in the world is The Grand Wizard, who manages Blackjack Mulligan and Beautiful Bobby. In an exclusive interview we asked the Grand One his



Dick "Bulldog" Brower

opinion of some popular—and not so popular—wrestlers:

Q-What do you think of Bulldog Brower?

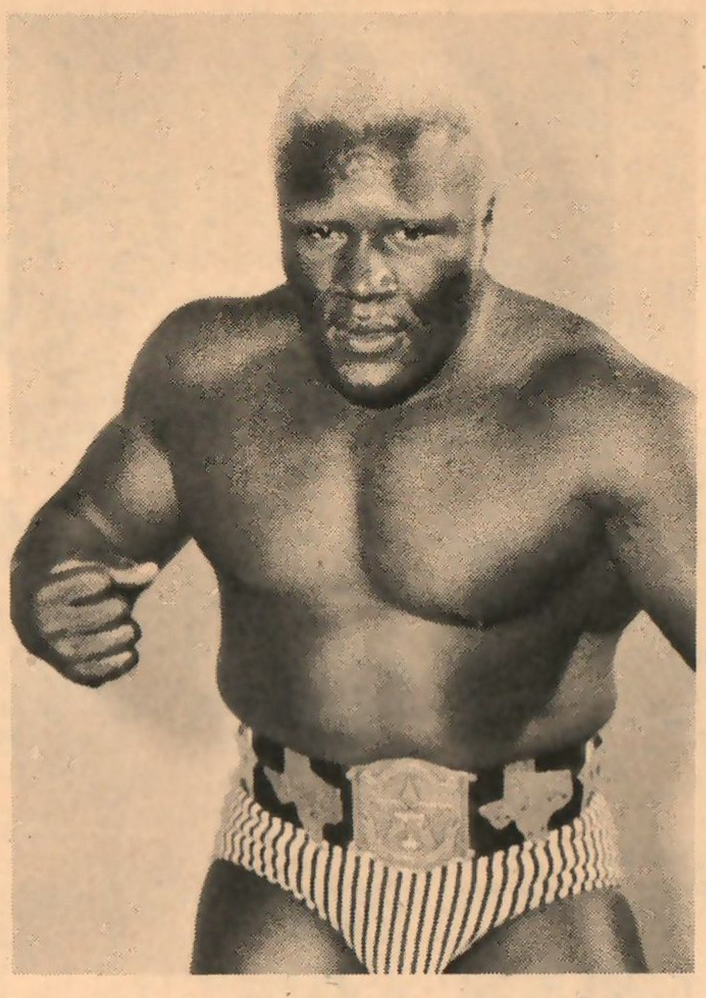
A-Brower is the world's dumbest mental midget. If you opened up his head you would find a brain approximately the size of a very small pin. When he was born they gave him two muscular arms, two powerful legs and an empty head!

Q-What about Tony Marino?

A-Who?

Q-Tony Marino. The former Mr. America.

A-You know what former means. Former is like yesterday's newspaper and you know what that's good for—wrapping garbage and chasing after dogs!



Sweet Daddy Siki

Q-What's your opinion of Chief Jay Strongbow?

A—Well, my man Blackjack Mulligan is a cowboy. And even you should know what the Cowboys did to the Indians!

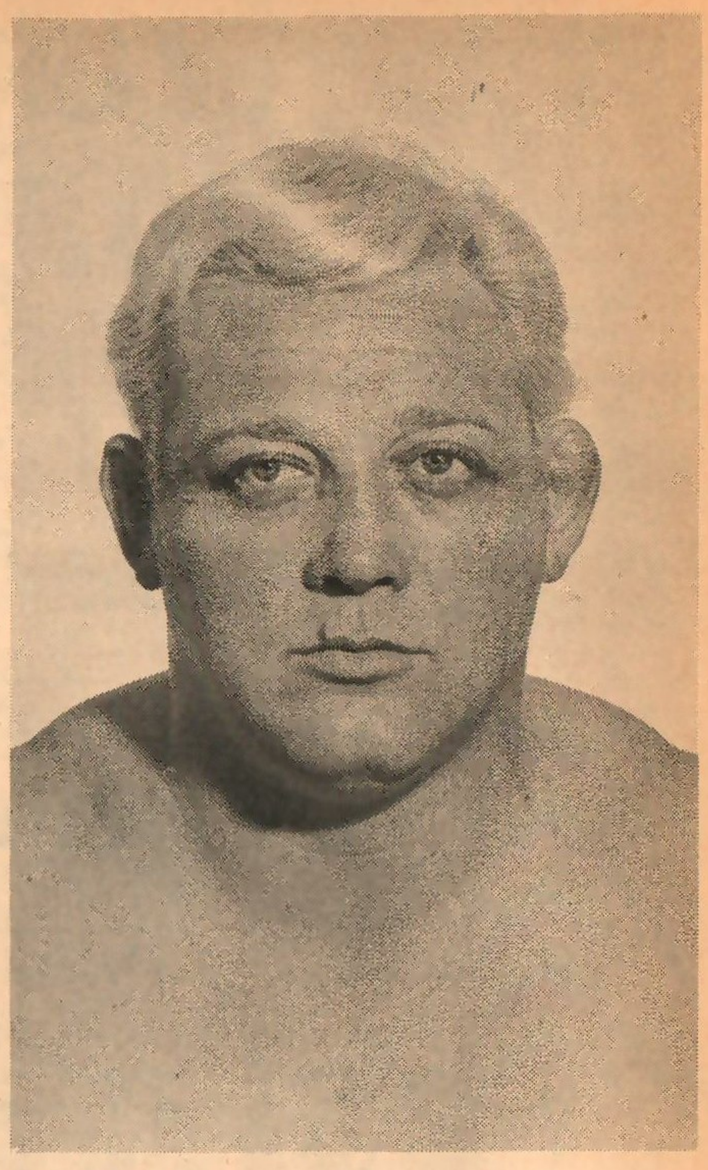
Q-And finally, a man who claims he's more beautiful than Beautiful Bobby, the Black Demon.

A-Any man who has to cover his face with a mask certainly can't be very beautiful. He covers his body, too, and heaven knows that's not very beautiful. He looks like he's getting ready to play Santa Claus with that pouch he's carrying.

Q-Thank you very much, Grand Wizard.

A-It's been **your** pleasure!

While visting friends in Sacramento, California, Ray Stevens and Rick Renaldo heard a burglar alarm go off in a nearby store. Storming out to investigate, they noticed the store's cash register was being emptied by two very big men. But size didn't scare Stevens and Renaldo. They decked the burglars and called the cops. The police thanked Ray and Rick and offered them jobs as special officers. They declined.



Ray "Blond Bomber" Stevens

Their reason—"That kind of work is too dangerous!"

When Promoter Vince McMahon was asked why WWWF Title matches are only one fall, he replied, "In a one fall title match it's got to go to a finish. If the bout were two out of three falls there would have to be a one hour time limit and the match could end in a draw."

Sweet Daddy Siki has returned to St. Louis after a four year absence . . . When Karl Gotch toured eastern rings he was known as Karol Krauser . . . Cowboy Bob Ellis insists he invented the "Bulldog Headlock" . . . Mil Mascaras has disappeared from California again . . . Gorilla Monsoon shed his beard. When we asked Gorilla if he plans to shed a major part of his weight, he replied, "The only way I'll get rid of weight is if someone tears my leg off! . . . Johnny Defazio's a big hit in Philadelphia.

At a recent wrestling show in White Plains N.Y., Bulldog Brower and Gorilla Monsoon charged off the ropes at each other and the ring collapsed! Brower used it to his advantage as he grabbed the slack ropes and put the choke on Monsoon. □

THIS IS A TRUE STORY*

All details in our file #3789. Only the name of the Universal graduate has been changed to respect his desire for privacy . . . Ed.

HOW TED VERNON AVERAGES $20,000 WORKING 6 MONTHS A YEAR

NO COLLEGE! NO SELLING! NO EXPERIENCE!

When Ted Vernon* walked to a mailbox that day in his small home town, the things he wanted seemed far beyond his reach. Like lots more money, freedom from his dead-end job, independence and security, a new future.

Chances looked dim. Ted had no college. His only experience was his old job. And he was already past 40.

Yet, when Ted Vernon mailed his envelope, everything he dreamed of suddenly became possible. *It was the single most profitable act of his life.* Yet all he did was mail a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page.

Free book put Ted on road to big income

The coupon brought Ted the same fascinating Free Book you can have in just a few days. It's an eye opener! It tells the story of a world of opportunity all around you in the booming Accident Investigation field.

It was all new to Ted. He'd hardly even heard of Accident Investigation. Yet Ted Vernon felt he had found his perfect opportunity.

And he had! Soon Ted was forging ahead fast in his new exciting career. His first full year he made $14,768.72. Since then he's averaging $20,000 working about six months a year. The rest of the time he relaxes and takes it easy.

He learned secrets of success in 30 minutes

Ted skimmed through Universal's Free Book in 30 minutes and changed his life. He learned many money-making facts! But the three big points that headed Ted to his success are:

- Accident Investigation is a $19 billion dollar industry booming to new heights every year. It's safe from layoff, recessions and automation—accidents continue no matter what.
- More men are urgently needed to investigate some 22 million accidents each year.
- For more than 20 years, Universal's training-by-mail has been the path to success for thousands of men in this high-pay field.

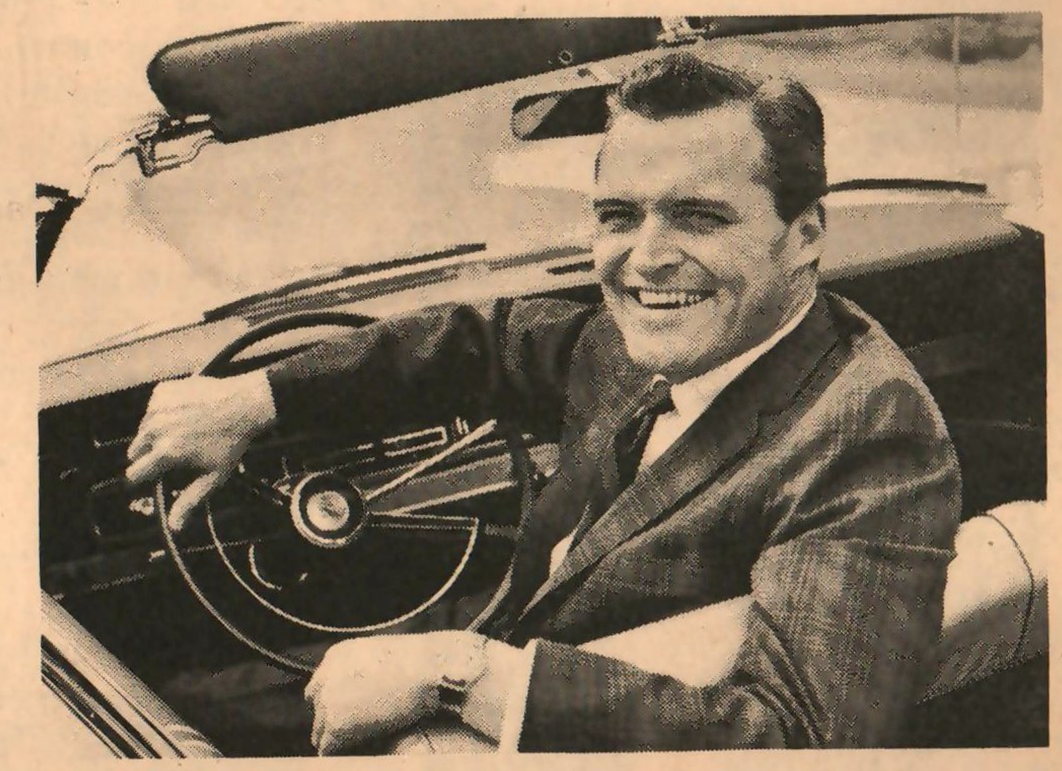
So there it was—the opportunity of a lifetime. Ted grabbed it—fast. He enrolled for Universal's by-mail training at the mere cost of cigarette money.

It was surprisingly easy. Ted simply studied his brief, interesting lessons at home in his spare time, at his own pace. He didn't risk a single paycheck because he kept right on with his old job until he could start making money quickly in Accident Investigation.

Ted Vernon's income is unusually high and not typical of the industry. He's a busy specialist in storm loss adjusting. But it does show the big potential in this great field even for men with no college and no experience. Read these reports from recent Universal students:

"My income has more than doubled."
—J. T. Woodruff of Louisiana.

"Thanks to you, I was contacted by 17 top companies."
—Donald Doris of Illinois.



"My income averages $1,200 to $2,000 a month."
—Ed Crouch of California.

"A raise every three months for the next two years, plus new car and expense account."
—Oscar Singletary of Georgia.

"My salary has increased by 63%."
—Marcel Roy, Canada.

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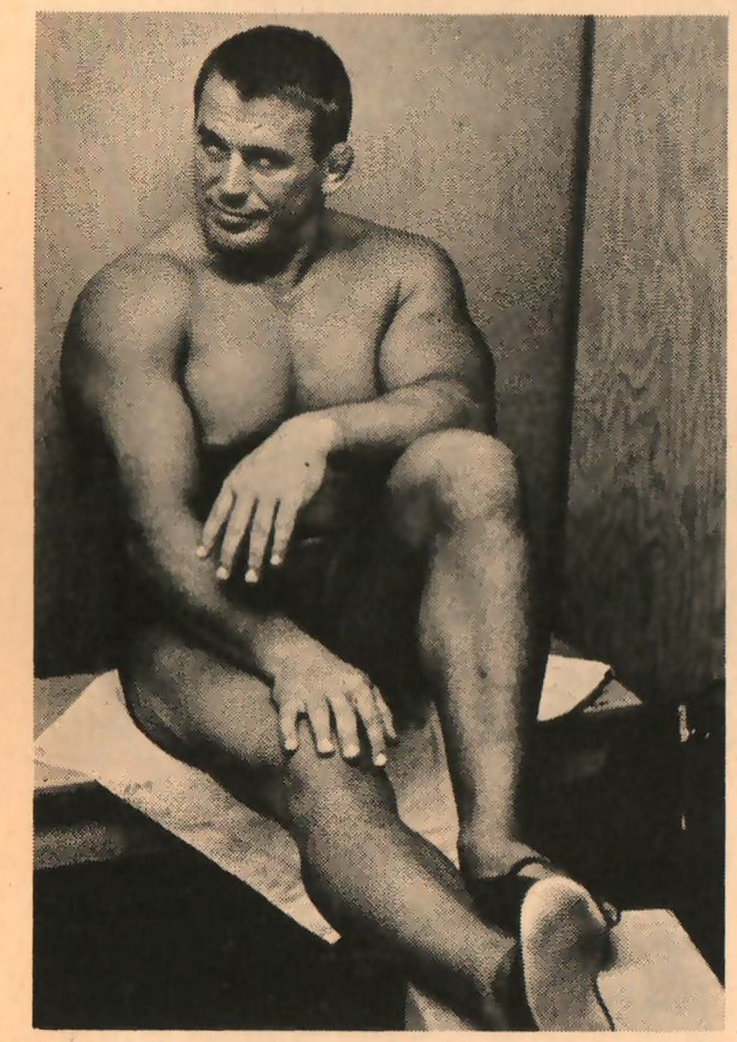
FAN CLUB CORNER



Ed Carpentier (above) recently gave permission to Rosie Macumbin, of Security, Colorado, to head his new fan club. There is one thing of which Rosie can be sure: she is fortunate enough to have one of wrestling's most beloved stars for her honorary, and she can also depend on his complete cooperation. Rosie, you're a very lucky gal.

INEZ JOHNSON, President of the *Minnesota Correspondent Fan Club*, sent us some valuable information we'd like to pass on to you. She had sent the required dues to a certain club and heard nothing for over two and a half months. When she finally received the club's membership kit there was no explanation for the delay. The club also promised to send a monthly newsletter, but to this day Inez hasn't received one! This all boils down to one thing—inefficiency! A good fan club gets material to its members right away, gets its bulletins out on time, or, if there will be a delay, a letter of explanation. We hope Inez, or any fan who joins a club, doesn't run into this problem again. Remember, efficiency can make or break a fan club!

Rock Riddle has become a pro wrestler and has resigned as president of the *International Rip Hawk and Swede Hanson Fan Club*. The club is now run by Steve Covington and you can reach him at 2204 Myra Street, Jacksonville, Fla. 32204. Steve is also president of the Rock Riddle Fan Club. Members receive four personally autographed 8 x 10 glossy photos of the Rock, membership card, newsletters and clippings.

Kathy Szalewski has started a club for all AWA wrestlers called the *AWA Fan Club*. The club's members will be sent an 8 x 10 color glossy of their favorite AWA wrestler, a membership card, monthly bulletins and transcripts of interviews from time to time. You can get full info on this club by writing Kathy Szalewski at 1003 South 16th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204. Be sure to include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

We received a permission slip from Edouard Carpentier designating Rosie Macumbin as his fan club President. It's a great club and you can write Rosie at 221 Jasper Drive, Security, Colorado 80911.

Cheryl and Chuck Babcock, who co-president the *Great Scott Fan Club*, would like to hear from anyone who has recent photos of Scott. Contact them at 4513 Junuis, Apt. 3, Dallas, Texas 75246.

Here are some great clubs you fans in the WWWF area will want to join. The *Tony "Dino" Marino Fan Club* has been started by Joe Nuss and Howard Rosenberg. Monthly bulletins chock full of features will be yours by joining. Write Joe or Howie at 104-16 199th Street, Richmond Hill, N.Y. 11419... *The Boot* is a club put together by Rosengard Publications and it represents Ivan Koloff and The Fabulous Mongols. For more information write Rosengard Publications, 382 West Broadway, South Boston, Mass. 02027.

The Boston Ring News is available by sending a letter to Alan Casso, 12 Lake Ave., Sharon, Mass.

Here's a partial list of active fan clubs: *Argentine Apollo Fan Club*—Rita Golden, President, 17131 N.W. 34th Ave., Opalocka, Fla., 33054. Quarterly Bulletins and an 8 x 10 photo. *Fred Curry Fan Club*—Chris McConnell, President, 801 Lafayette Street, Bay City, Mich. 48706. Bi-monthly bulletins. *The New Dillingers Fan Club*—Peggy Morgan, President, 650 Norman St., Wilmington, Ohio 45177. Fact sheets, 5 x 7 photo and bulletins. *Rocky Johnson Fan Club*—Connie Oder, President, R. 2155 South Limestone, Springfield, Ohio 45501. Bulletins. *Peter Maivia Fan Club*—Dorothy Paget, President, West Littleton, Chippenham, Wiltshire, England. Newsletters. *Mil Mascaras Fan Club*—Judy Forgot, President, 13841 Edwards St., Westminster, Calif. 92683. *Texas Wrestling Results*—Ken Bruce, President, 1045 Doddridge, Corpus Christi, Texas 78411. Monthly bulletins. *World Wide Wrestling Fan Club*—Frank Santin Jr., President, 15 Litchfield St., Brighton, Mass. *The Wrestling Report Club*—Michael Tenay, President, 8952 Mills Ave., Whittier, Calif. 90605. *The Wrestling Register*—Tom Burke, Editor, 31 Groverland Street, Springfield, Mass. 01108. □

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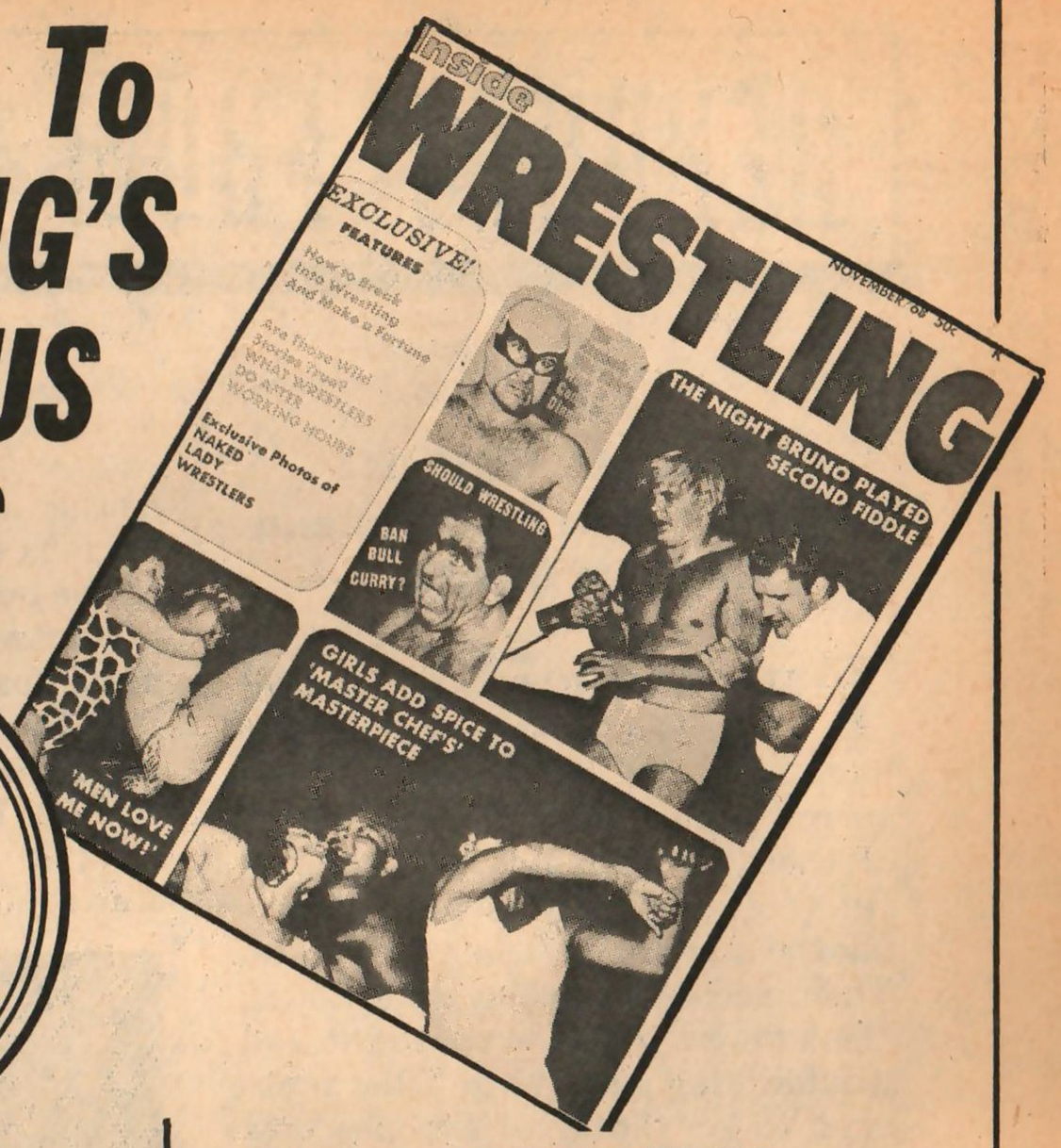

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REPORTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

FLORIDA REPORT
By Tom Goode and Lyn and Maurice Melvin

THE RED-HOT tag team of Rene Goulet and Louis Tillet have split up. The reason for the surprise break occurred as a result of their recent match against the Infernos. Goulet insisted on starting the match over Tillet's protests. Then, according to the irate Louis, "he kept hogging the spotlight and wouldn't tag me." When Tillet managed to get through the ropes now and then, he always seemed to run into trouble and called on his partner for help. But Goulet looked the other way. Then, after Tillet was pinned and the Infernos continued to stomp and punch him, Goulet headed for the dressing room. To this day, Rene has offered no explanation for his strange actions.

In a special *Battle of Florida Champions*, State Champ Tarzan Tyler squared off with TV king Jack Brisco. The bout was unique in that it was scheduled for two falls, with Brisco's title at stake in the first fall and Tyler's crown riding on the line in the second. The final results were even stranger—Tyler won the first fall to annex Brisco's TV title, while Jack bounced back to capture the second fall and grab Tyler's state belt. So what actually happened was that they switched titles.

The feud still persists between J.C. Dykes and referee Leo Garibaldi. Garibaldi recently told us: "I'm seriously thinking about quitting refereeing and going back to wrestling so I can get a match with Dykes."

Garibaldi got his wish. He got the match. But when Dykes entered the ring, he went directly to the referee and told him he would be wrestling with an injury. So the referee called in a doctor to take a look at Dykes. J.C. was given the go ahead.

After a few minutes of chasing each other around the ring with neither able to secure a good hold, the fans started to boo and demanded the bout be stopped. The referee promptly obliged by declaring it no-contest.

In the dressing room, Dykes told our reporter, "He wouldn't let me wrestle. I had to chase him for almost 20 minutes and just when I started to catch up with him the damned referee stopped it! I can't understand it." Garibaldi's comment about Dykes was exactly the same.

The sensational Jack Brisco

Cyclone Negro returned to Florida and in his first bout pinned Tarzan Tyler to become the new Florida Brass Knucks champ. Cyclone is also a great fancier of six-man tag team matches. In a recent bout, he teamed with Bob Roop and Ron Fuller to defeat Tyler, Goulet and the Great Malenko.

At Tampa's National Guard Armory an angry and disappointed Ron Fuller failed to capture the Southern Heavyweight Championship from Rene Goulet. Fuller had the upperhand throughout the match but the Frenchman found a loophole to keep his title—he slugged the referee and was disqualified. As you know, a title can't change hands by disqualification. Before leaving the ring, Fuller stormed over to the referee and yelled, "You didn't have to disqualify him! Can't you change the decision and let the match continue?" Fuller is after a rematch.

Incidentally, Ron pulled a big upset at Fort Meyers recently when he pinned the Great Malenko. The two had been feuding for weeks. Being the poor sport he is, Malenko refused to accept defeat and proceeded to attack Fuller after the match was over. But before he could lay his hands on Ron, a suspecting fan grabbed Ron and pulled him out of the ring. When Malenko tried to get the fan for interfering, he was stopped by Fuller's fist and landed flat on his face. Fuller thanked the young fan as Malenko stormed out of the ring.

THE CANADIAN SCENE
by Brian Gray and Andre Vermeulan

The Sheik persists as the longest reigning undefeated wrestler in Canada. Recently he beat Haystack Calhoun in what was one of the bloodiest matches we've ever seen. He also upset Bobo Brazil in a match that took less than five minutes. But the Sheik had some help in that bout—a sharp object hidden in his trunks. After splitting Bobo's head open with it, the Sheik pinned Brazil.

Sweet Daddy Siki and Gil Hayes have been engaging in a series of brutal bouts against Abdullah the Butcher and Bob Sweetan. At Calgary, where the matches took place, Siki and Hayes lost the first two, while Abdullah and Sweetan dropped the third one via disqualification.

In a sizzling bout, Sweetan upset the Mighty Ursus. The two were grappling outside the ropes on the ring apron when Sweetan knocked Ursus to the floor and then leaped back into the ring. Ursus was unable to return before the count of 20 and Sweetan was awarded the victory.

Another match on the same card

(Continued on page 47)

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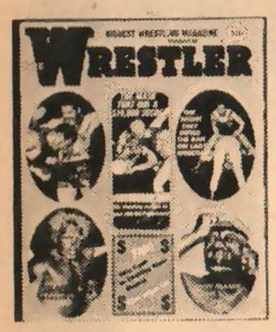

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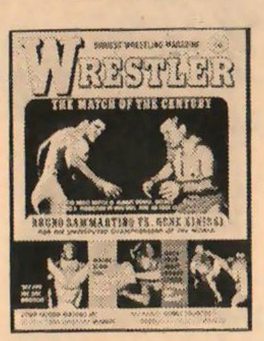

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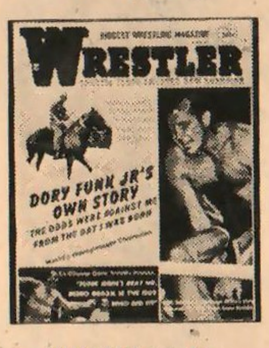

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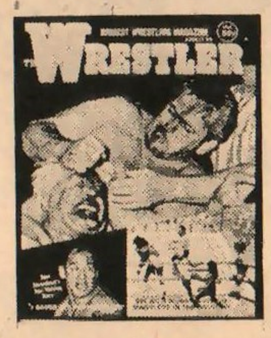

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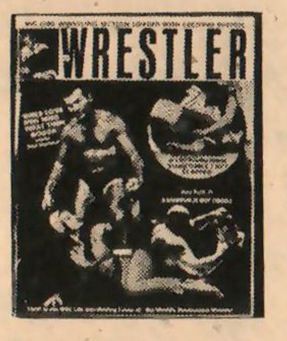

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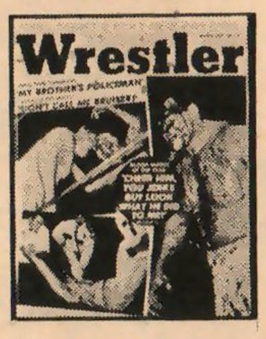

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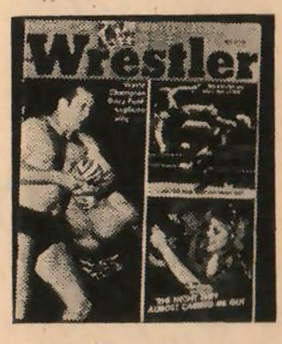

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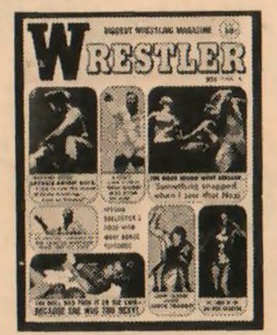

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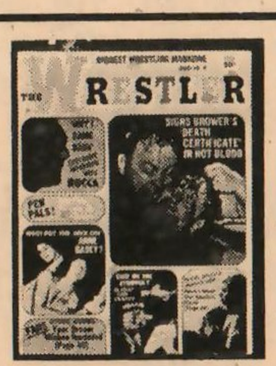

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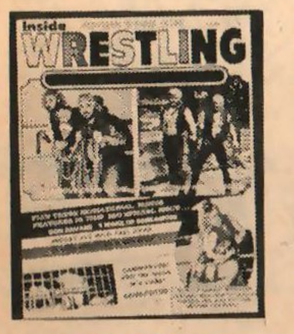

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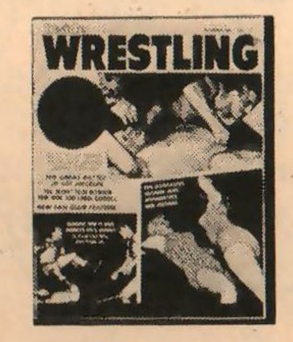

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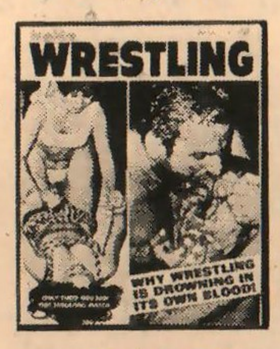

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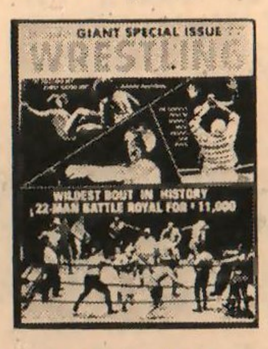

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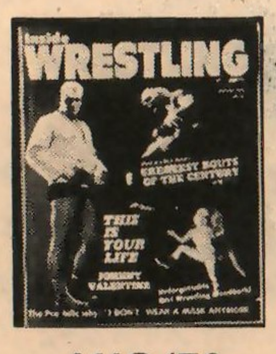

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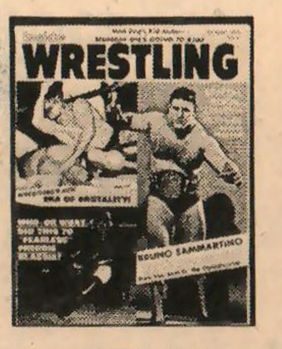

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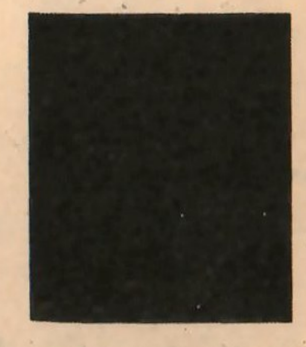

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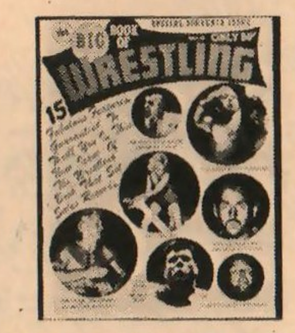

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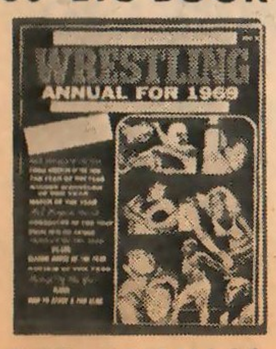

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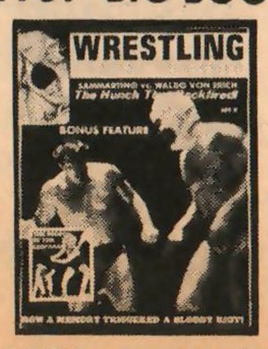

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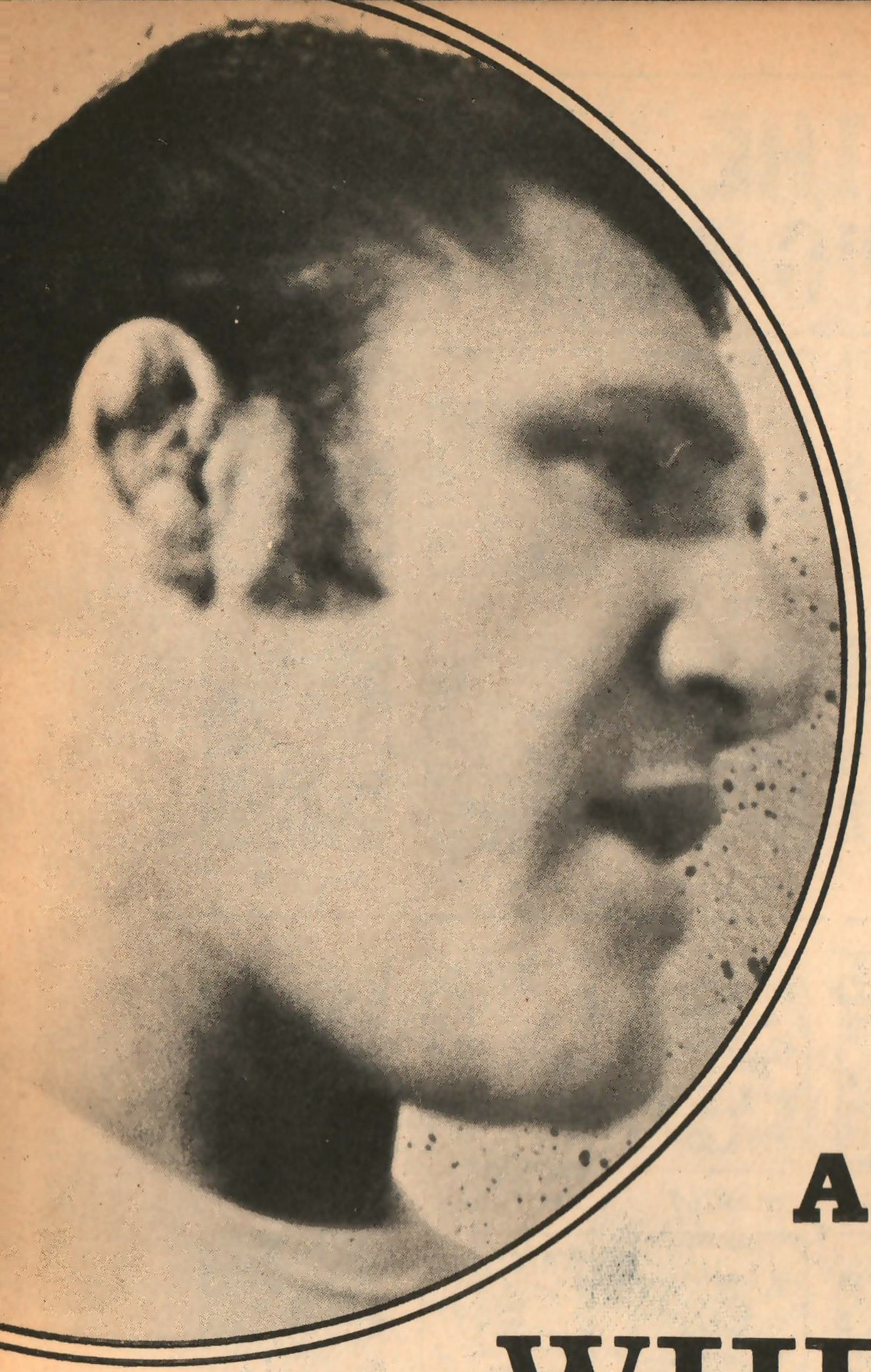


The Dramatic Confessions of an Immortal Ex-Champion

The Big Question on the Minds of All Wrestling Fans!

WHERE DOES BRUNO GO FROM HERE?

Bruno Sammartino is retiring! That was the sad rumor going around after he was beaten by Ivan Koloff. Bruno admits he'd like to take it a little easier and enjoy more time with his family, but he emphatically denies that he plans to hang up his trunks. However, fans are still wondering...

"Losing my title lifted a great burden from my shoulders"

BRUNO Sammartino smiled as he watched the reporters throng around Pedro Morales. Morales had just defeated Ivan Koloff to win the heavyweight wrestling championship of the world—the title Bruno had held so gloriously for eight years before losing it to Koloff.

"I am very happy for Pedro," Bruno said, "and yet, to an extent, I feel some sadness for him. There are great rewards that go with that belt. But there are also some unbelievable pressures. It is not easy to be champion."

Bruno was very relaxed as he spoke—a relaxation he never seemed able to attain as champion. It seemed as if losing the title lifted a great burden from his shoulders.

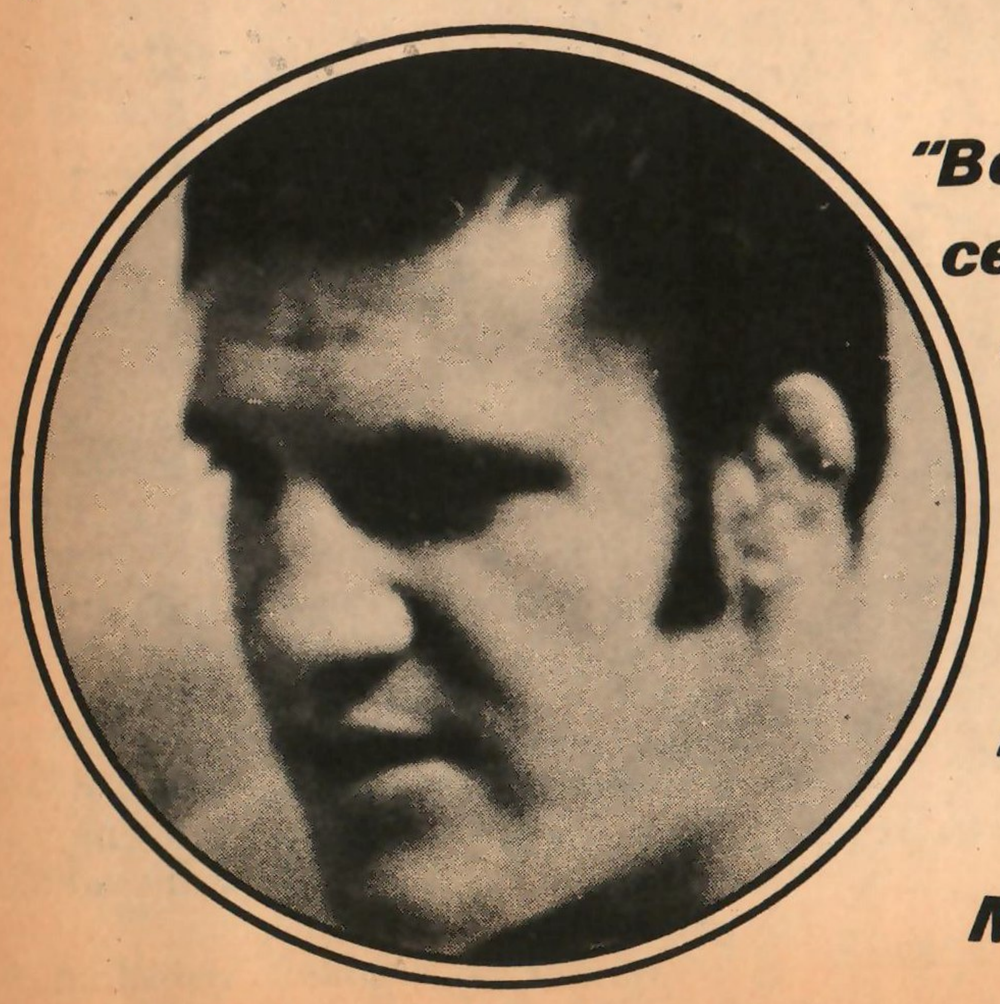
"It did," he said. "Although I'm not happy I lost it. That is why I feel a little sadness for Pedro.

"From now until the day he loses that belt, his life will no longer be his own. He will constantly be getting phone calls at all hours. He'll be asked to appear at hundreds of functions. He'll be travelling all over the world, leaving for his next match right after finishing a current one. His best friend will be his luggage and privacy will become a thing of the past.

"Being champion carries certain responsibilities and many of them are not pleasant. Pedro will have it a little easier than I did since he is a bachelor. That was the worst part for me—being away from my family. Now I'll be able to see more of them."

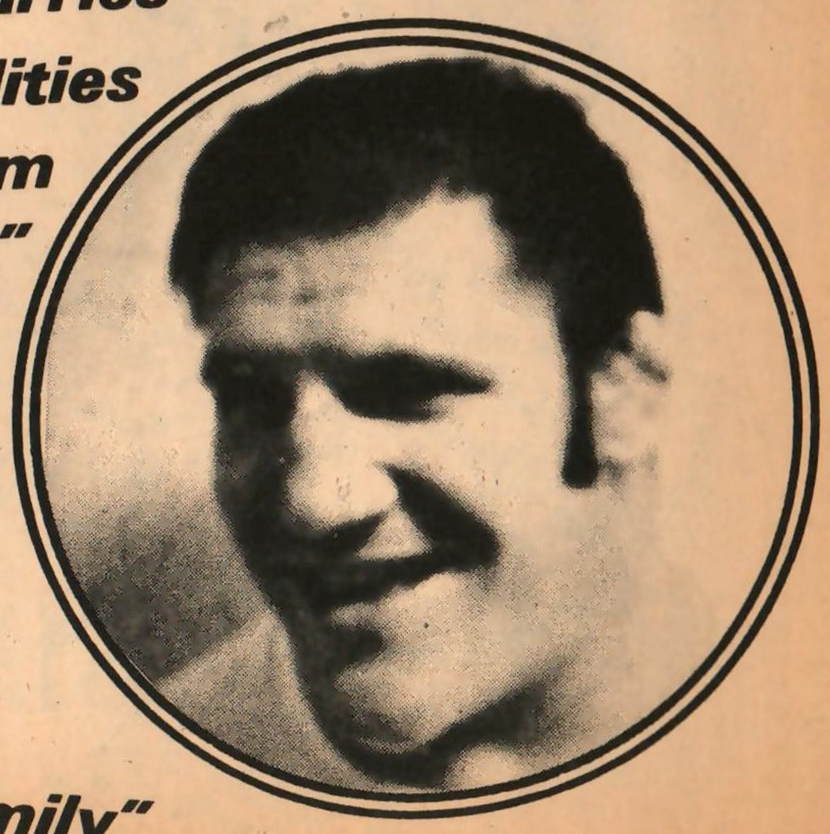
For the immediate future Sammartino plans exactly that—enjoying the good life with his wife, Carol, and his three sons, David, Daniel and Darrell. But what are his long range goals? Is he considering complete retirement? Where does he go from here?

(Continued on page 48)



"Being champion carries certain responsibilities and many of them are not pleasant"

"I want to rest. I want to enjoy my family. My wonderful family"



HOW MARIA MADE VIVIAN A BELIEVER

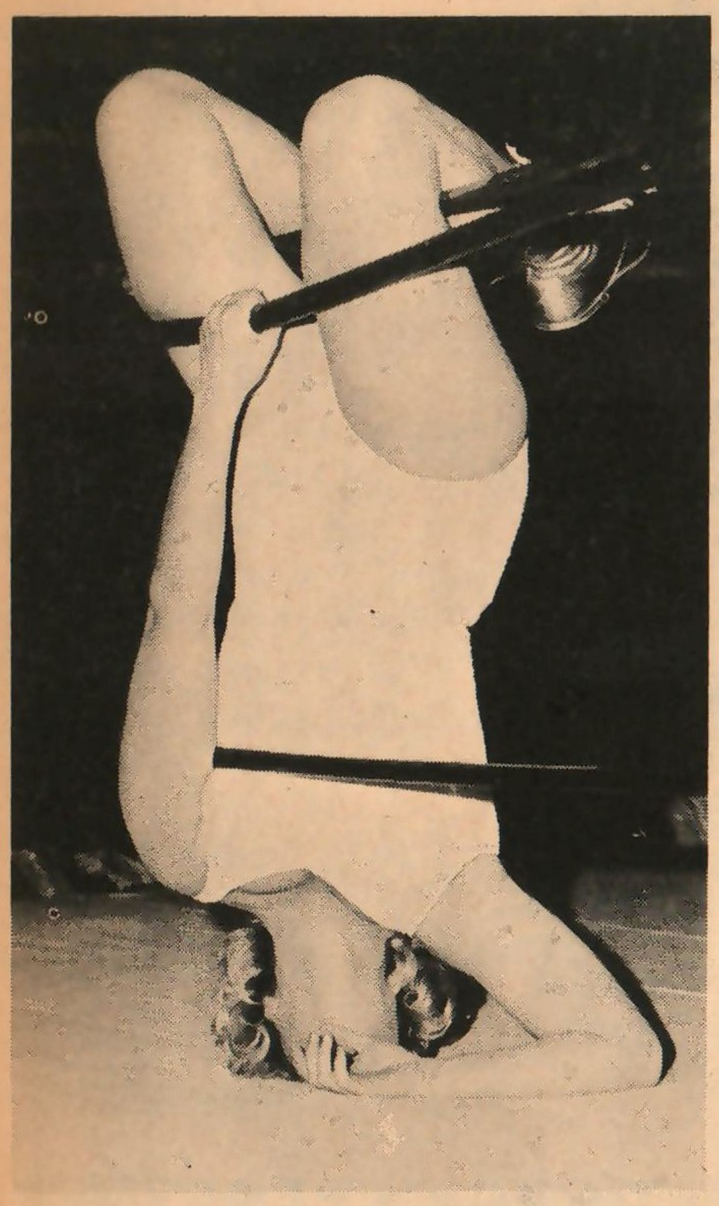
I knew she had a Soul and that, if given the chance, she could really tune in with all of us 'Flower Children'

Vivian Vachon (dark suit) and Maria LaVerne are pictured together in Los Angeles just before they went into the ring to face the savage team of Jessica Rogers and Betty Niccoli. Maria was happily surprised that she was able to work so well with Vivian in view of the previous bitter rivalry between them.

'THE BLONDE TIGRESS was at her savage best. She pulled her opponent's shoulder-length hair. She pinned her against the ropes and ripped forearm blows into her face, and dug razor-sharp nails into her soft white skin.

And even when she threw her opponent out of the ring, she continued the vicious assault in the aisles and on the cold concrete floor.

It was for the Women's Wrestling Championship of Texas. Instead it



Vachon literally is sent spinning on her head by LaVerne during seething Texas battle.

turned into a Pier 6 brawl. After eight minutes the referee ended the bout when both girls failed to return to the ring in time.

Vivian Vachon, the blonde she-devil, was still the champion as no title can change hands because of disqualification, and Maria La Verne had failed in her heroic bid to win the crown.

As the two girls headed for their dressing rooms, it was easy to tell who had won the crowd's favor. As the cocky Vachon strutted down the aisle, one incensed fan screamed at her, "Go back to the zoo where you belong!"

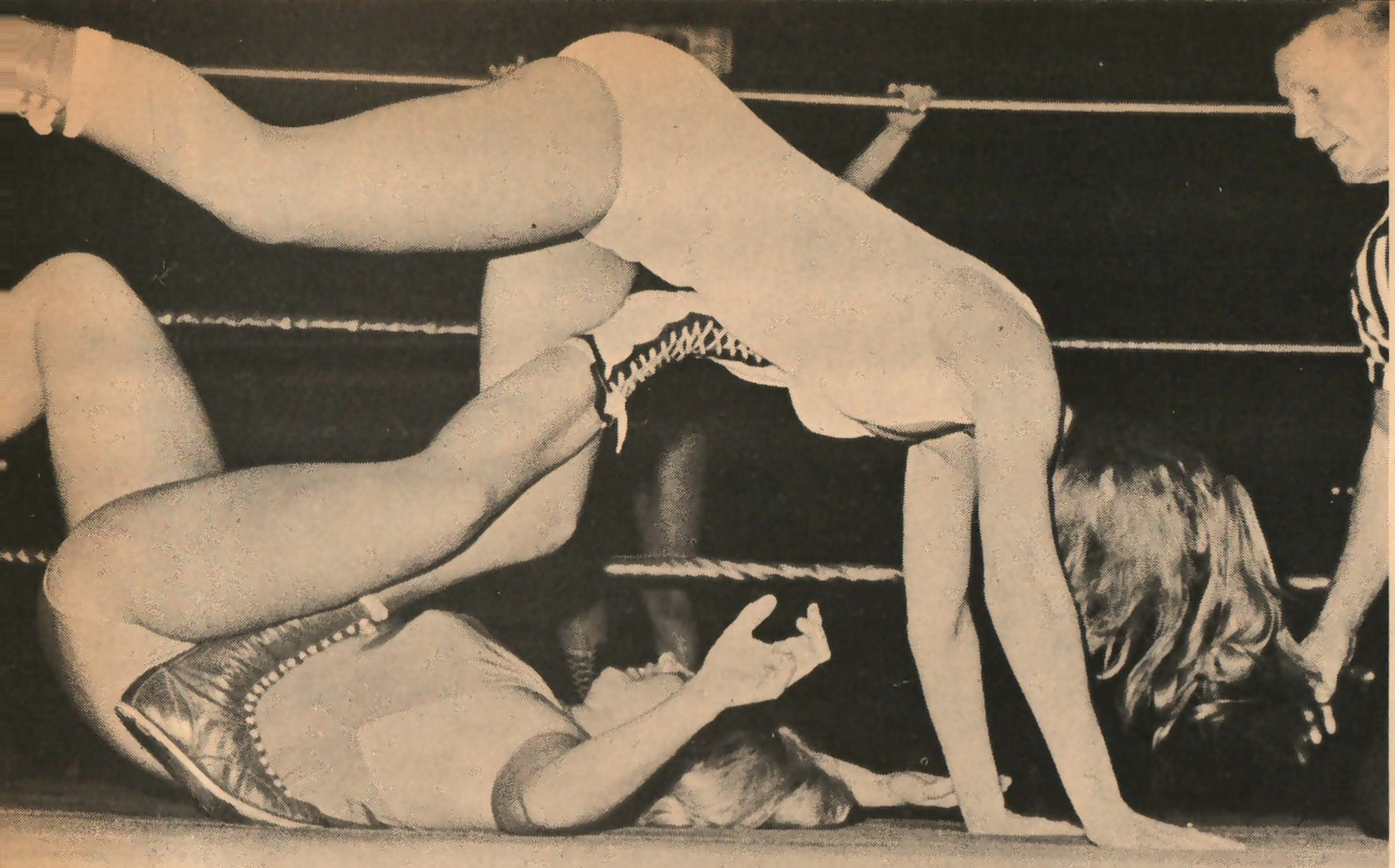
That started a chorus of hisses and boos, but Vivian just continued walking and making suggestive gestures at the crowd. It didn't take an interpreter to figure out what they meant.

"Go to hell!" Vivian roared. "I'm still champ!"

Maria walked slowly. Limping. Blood trickled down her pretty face.

"You'll get her next time," shouted one man. A group of youngsters swarmed around Maria. They asked

After knocking Maria out of the ring, Vachon digs her foot into Maria's head. Action took place at Amarillo, Texas, when Vachon successfully defended her Texas championship in a bitter two-out-of-three fall bout.



Left: Jessica Rogers digs her foot into Maria LaVerne's stomach to break Maria's hold that had her dangerously close to being pinned. Below: Maria's partner, the great Vivian Vachon, leaped to Maria's rescue and flipped Jessica Rogers away just as the referee was about to count LaVerne out.

for autographs. They cheered. To them, Maria was the *real* champion.

That was the last time Texas saw Vivian Vachon and Maria La Verne. But a few weeks later, Los Angeles fans saw Vivian and Maria. This time, however, they weren't killing each other. They were comrades—tag team partners trying to offset the savage onslaughts of Jessica Rogers and Betty Niccoli. And, even stranger, Vachon had turned scientific. She had become a by-the-book kind of wrestler and seemed to enjoy it.

It was like John Dillinger suddenly becoming an FBI agent. Why the shocking transformation?

For the answer, or at least part of the answer, let's return to Texas for a moment—to Vivian's dressing room moments after her big championship match with Maria.

Vivian was getting dressed when Maria entered the room. For a fleeting second, both girls glared at each other. The air was tense. Would the feud erupt again?

Vivian was ready. She is always ready for a fight. But when Maria walked towards her, hands extended in friendship, Vachon was dumbfounded.

"Why should she want to shake my hand after I almost beat her brains out?" Vivian thought to herself as Maria moved closer and closer.

In a moment they were eye-to-eye. But there was no hatred in Maria's eyes. She spoke softly, almost in a whisper.

"Why that chip on your shoulder, Vivian?" she asked. "Why are you so mad at the world?"

Vivian was speechless. Then the words began forming on her lips. "Why the hell do you care?" She snapped.

But Maria cared. And Vivian knew it. No one else seemed to care about her. In the quiet of the dressing room the two girls—bitter rivals only a few minutes before—talked.

Vivian did most of the talking. Life to her hasn't been one big ball. It was instead a jungle. "To survive you have to be tough," she said. "I've never needed anyone but myself. Depend on someone else and you wind up in deep trouble. Who needs that?"

The world doesn't give a damn about me, Vivian thought. So why should she give a damn about anyone? She carried her hatred and suspicions into the ring.

Maria listened intently. "I'm glad

you told me," she said. "Now I understand. Let me show you that there's love in the world. Trust me."

Vivian Vachon, the girl with the chip on her shoulder, decided to trust her new-found friend.

For the next few weeks, they traveled around the country in Maria's battered, psychedelic-painted jalopy. They spent time in New York's Greenwich Village living among the so-called hippies—the *Flower Children* who preach love, not war.

Vivian's transformation was almost immediate. She felt among friends.

"How about that?" she would say. "I can't believe this is really me! I'm at peace with myself. Wow, it's a great feeling!"

The two girls made many stops along the way on their cross-country joyride. They spent time in San Francisco's famed Haight-Ashbury section, which at one time was the hippie capital of the United States.

Then they headed for Los Angeles. They had seen a lot of the country, met a lot of exciting people. By this time their money had just about run out. One day they walked into a wrestling promoter's office.

The short, squat man sitting behind the desk looked up at the two shapely girls. "What do you want?" he asked. "This ain't a fashion studio."

"We're here to give you the best tag team in wrestling," Vivian snorted.

"How the hell do I know you can really wrestle?" he wanted to know. "You look like two models to me!"

Maria smiled, walked over to the gruff little man and sat down on his desk. "Call up a wrestling magazine in New York. Ask the editor if he's ever heard of Maria La Verne and Vivian Vachon. He'll set you straight."

The promoter thought the two gals were bluffing, but he was ready to call their bluff. He grabbed the telephone and placed the long distance call.

A few minutes later he was satisfied the two gals were who they said they were.

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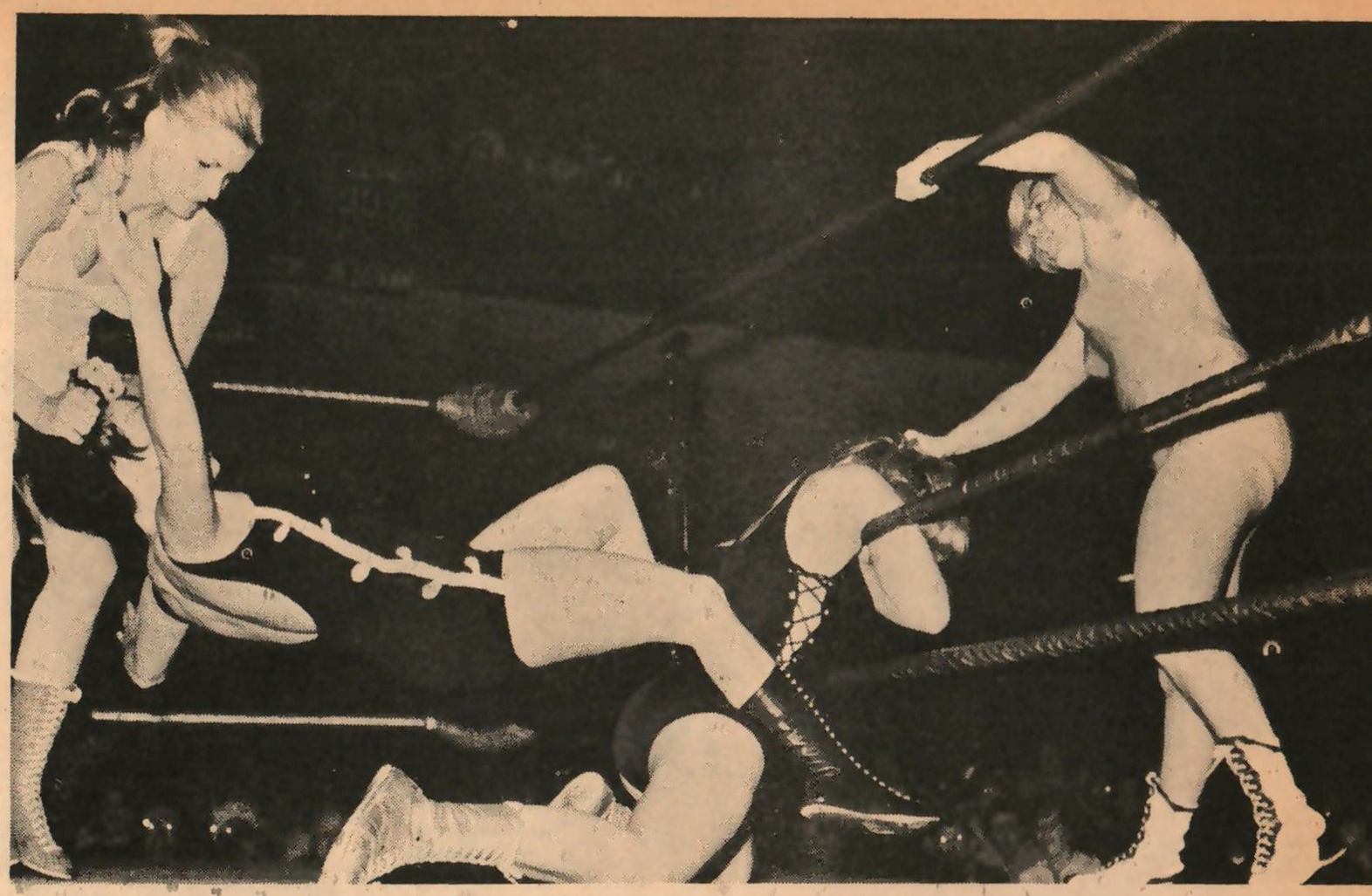
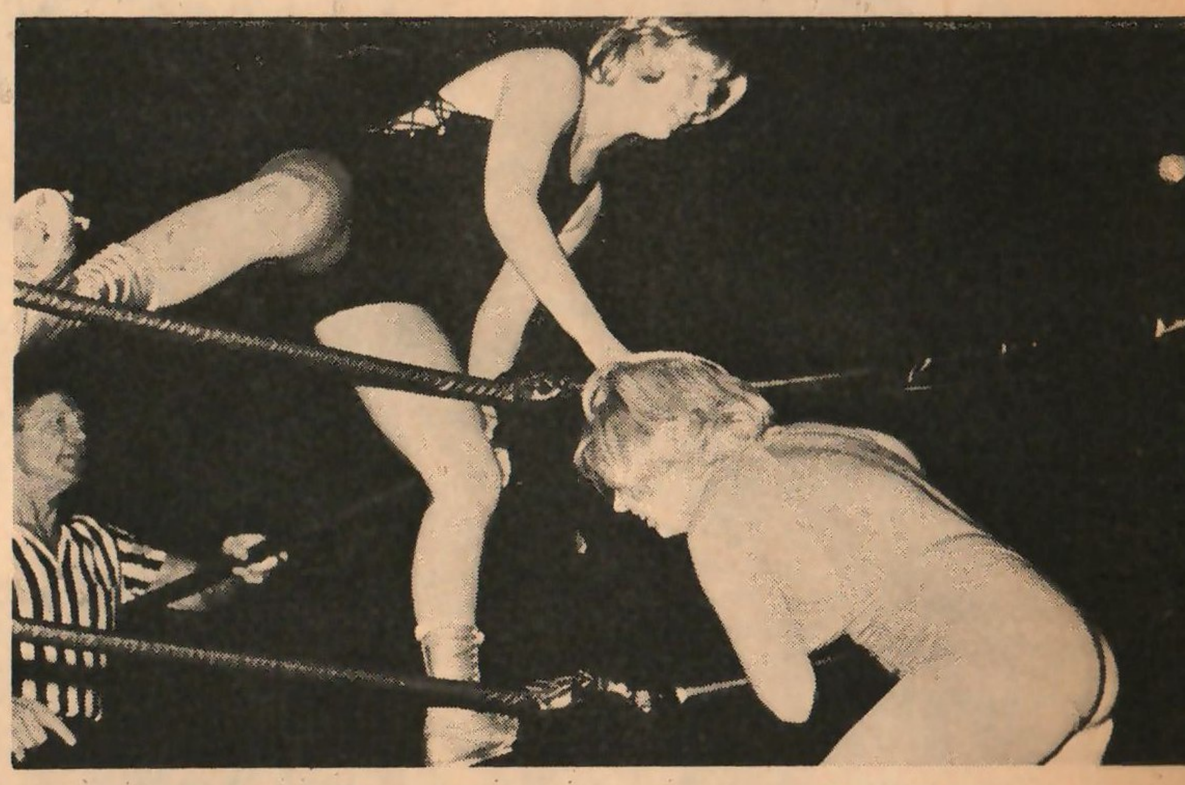
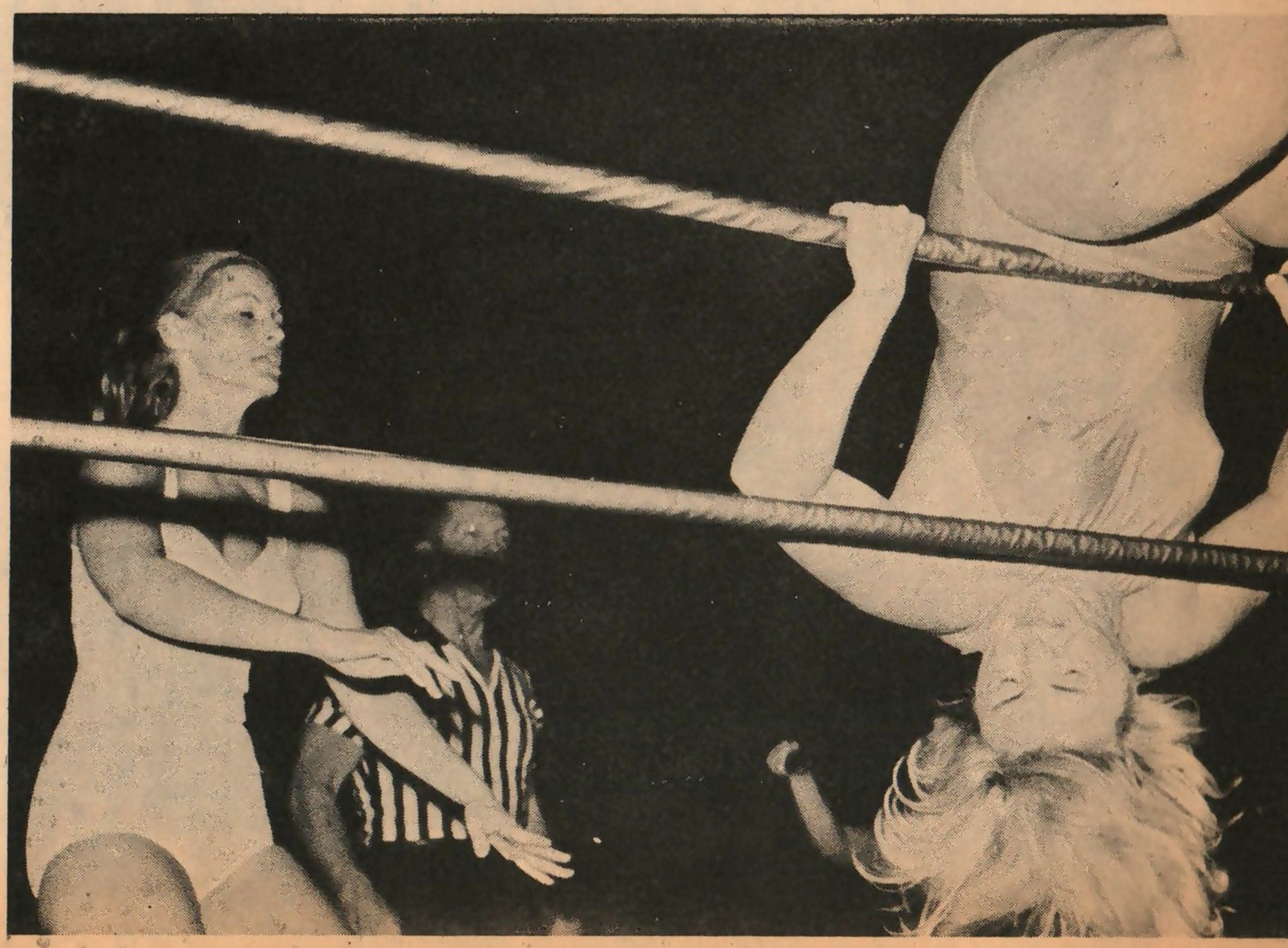
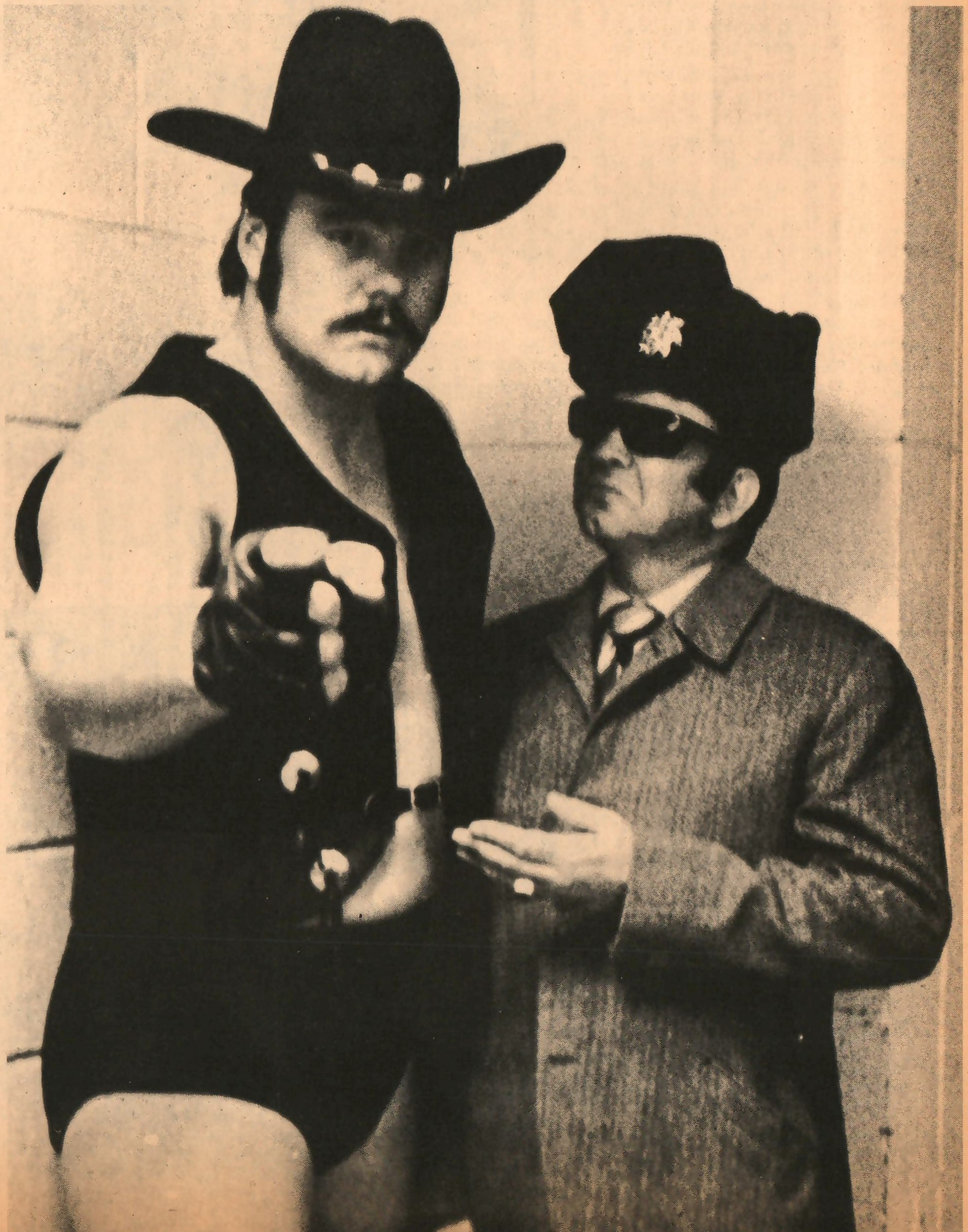




Above: Left to right; LaVerne, Niccoli, Vachone, Rogers. Right: Vachon climbs ropes to trigger an attack on Rogers. Below: LaVerne sends Rogers flying over the top rope. All the furious action took place during bitter Los Angeles bout.



"Bob Windham is dead!" roars The Wizard. "As far as I'm concerned, Bob Windham never even existed. In his place, I have created an unbeatable robot I call 'Blackjack Mulligan.' And I warn every wrestler in the world, here and now, to be on guard if he is unfortunate enough to get into the ring with my Blackjack that his life is in danger!"



The Terrifying Story of HOW BOB WINDHAM BECAME BLACKJACK MULLIGAN

IN THE MARCH issue of "THE WRESTLER" we published an article about Bob Windham, the football player who gave up that sport for wrestling because gridiron action wasn't violent enough for him.

So you can imagine our surprise when, one recent night in Madison Square Garden, a wrestler, whom we swore was Bob Windham, was introduced as "Blackjack Mulligan."

The resemblance seemed incredible. The big mustache was there although the cowboy hat and cowboy boots were a new addition. And as "Mulligan," egged on by his manager "The Wizard," thrashed Tony Marino, we were convinced something very strange was going on.

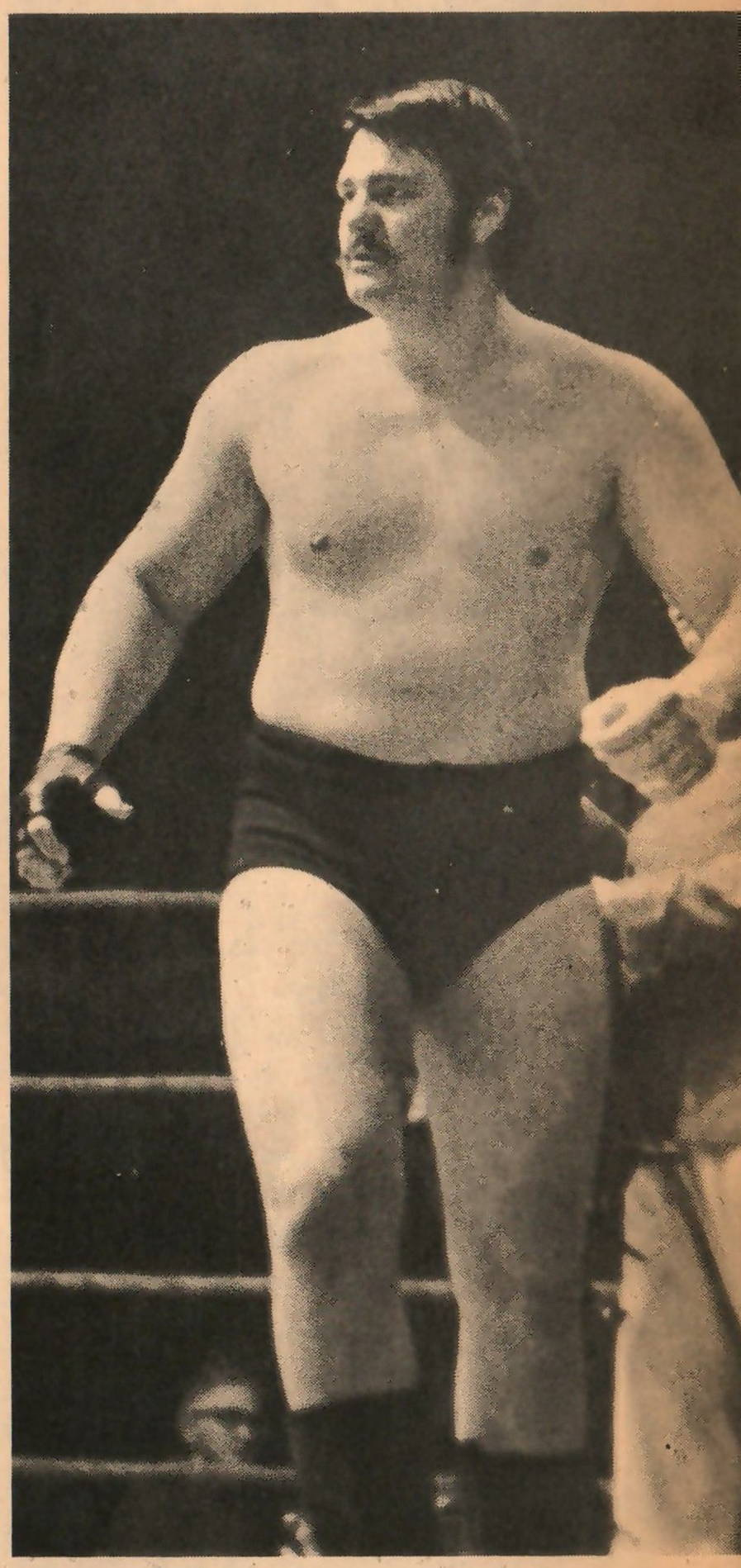
◀ *Mulligan points threatening finger at our photographer as The Wizard looks on approvingly.*

"I know what you're going to ask," The Wizard told me when I entered the dressing room after the match. "You're going to say that 'Blackjack Mulligan' looks like Bob Windham. Well you're right. He not only looks like Bob Windham—he used to be Bob Windham!"

And before I could ask The Wizard what he meant by "used to be," he grabbed me by the arm, drew me next to him, and began babbling in my ear.

"Bob Windham was a great football player," The Wizard said. "He played pro ball with the Jets and the Colts. He became a wrestler because football wasn't rough enough for him and he was using his real name. But he wasn't getting anywhere. He came to see me—to ask me to manage him—to ask me to help him.

"I agreed, but under certain conditions. I told him I would do more than just make him a real wrestler. I would create a



Mulligan moves quickly out of his corner after bell signaled the start of recent bout in New York's Madison Square Garden.

Our staff correspondent Bill Apter (left) tapes the piercing words of The Wizard, Blackjack Mulligan's outspoken manager. "I changed him," The Wizard snapped. "I made him what he is today—a future champion, a wrestler so superior to all the competition that it is absurd to even try to draw comparisons!"

whole new man! He would lose his old identity—his habits, his past. I worked with him and made him a new man. As far as I'm concerned Bob Windham is dead. Dead and buried. There is no longer any Bob Windham. In his place there is Blackjack Mulligan—the next heavyweight wrestling champion of the world. And I created him!"

There was little doubt that the wrestler now calling himself Blackjack Mulligan was indeed a great deal different from the man we had known as Bob Windham. In Chicago, Windham wrestled mostly according to the rules, relying on his great strength to compensate for his lack of experience. Against Tony Marino, however, the man calling himself Blackjack Mulligan showed he had learned more than just tactics and a new identity from The Wizard.

Mulligan started the match by smashing the heel of his enormous boot into Marino's mid-section as The Wizard cried out with glee. Marino tried to upset his opponent with a flying tackle off the ropes, but The Wizard's creation simply grabbed Marino by the throat and began to choke the life out of him. The referee yelled at him to break the hold but made the mistake of calling him Windham. It wasn't until he called him by his new name that the choke hold was released—and Marino fell weakly to the floor.

And it didn't stop there. Each time Marino attempted to get a hold on Mulligan he'd be kicked in the stomach or below the belt or he'd get his eyes raked by the glove Mulligan always wears in the ring. Mulligan finished Marino off with a claw hold to the face, which he refused to break even after Marino gave up. Veteran wrestling observers at the Garden said it was one of the most vicious acts they had seen in years, and both Mulligan and The Wizard required police protection to get back to the dressing room.

"Did you see that?" screamed The Wizard, in the dressing room. "I taught him that hold. Me. The Wizard. You did not see any clown football player in that ring

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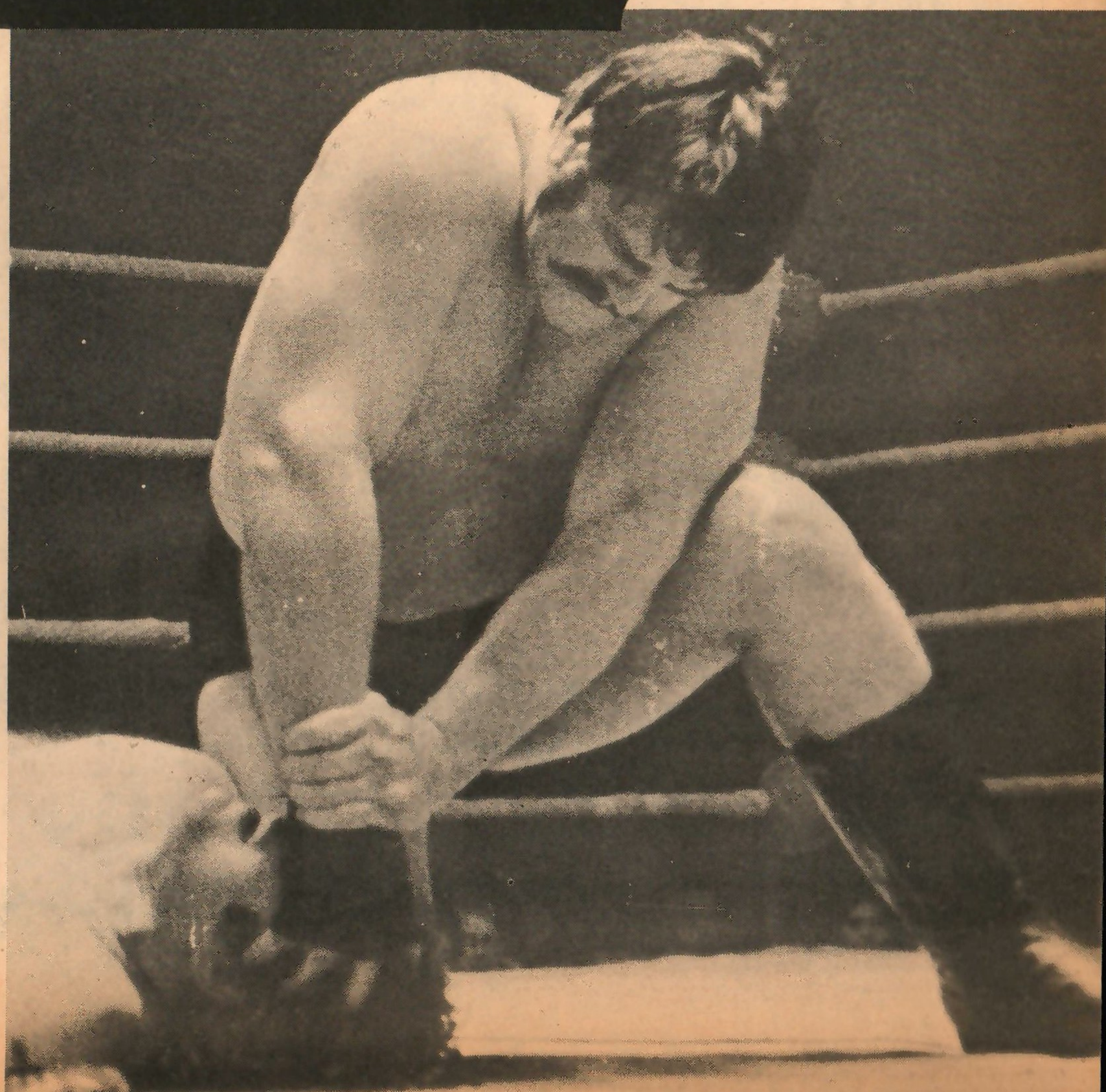


Above: Mulligan glares angrily as he leaves his dressing room for recent championship match in New York with Pedro Morales. Right: Blackjack has his foe, Gene DuBois, in agony with his deadly face claw hold. After less than 15 minutes of action, DuBois was forced to submit.

"YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A TEENAGER TO BE TUNED IN"

Says the Sensational Ray Mendoza

SWARMS OF TEENAGERS crowded around Ray Mendoza as he entered the jam-packed Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Almost instantly they began chanting "Potoro de Oro" in Spanish. Wearing a colorful serape over his wrestling trunks, Mendoza smiled and waved to his army of followers.

One young girl pushed her way through the crowd and planted a kiss on his cheek. An old man shouted "Bravo!"

It was obvious that Mendoza—"Potoro de Oro"—was their hero. To them he was "The Golden Colt," the English translation of the phrase. But why has this full-blooded Yaqui Indian suddenly captured the hearts of countless Mexicans in California?

It's true that he is their representative, their spokesman. He brings pride to his people because Ray Mendoza is so very good. A few years ago he was world middleweight wrestling champion. Now he whips most of the top heavyweights in the business.

But he's more than a ring artist to these youngsters. There are many other wrestlers on the West Coast they could idolize, even try to emulate. Yet they follow Ray Mendoza as if he were the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Ray Mendoza supplied the simple answer. "You don't have to be a teenager to be tuned in.

"I understand these kids. I know what makes them tick. To many of them I'm almost like a father image. Hell, I know all about kids. I have eight of my own, ranging from 7 to 18.

"A lot of these youngsters feel they can talk to me where they can't talk to their own parents. From me they get straight answers—no beating around the bush.

(Continued on page 28)

Mendoza, who has originated a vast arsenal of holds which few wrestlers have been able to execute, locks Cyclone Negro in what Ray calls "My reverse surfboard." Because he is capable of exciting fans with unique holds of this kind, Ray has quickly developed into a top attraction.

(Continued from Page 27)

"Maybe I should have been a priest," Mendoza said jokingly. Then he returned to a more serious vein.

"These kids are troubled. These are troubled times. We'll talk about anything—the war, drugs, sex. You name it and I'll try to tell them what I believe. I don't claim to know all the answers. No one does.

"They' ask me about marijuana, about heroin. A lot of them see no harm in smoking grass. After all, they say their parents are hooked on pills. They take pills to get high, pills to calm down, pills to stay awake, pills to fall asleep.

"I don't try to make excuses for parents," Mendoza said. "I just tell 'em that pills, marijuana and heroin are no damn good. You won't see any needle marks on my body.

"To my way of thinking a dope pusher is a murderer. He's killing just as if he pulled the trigger of a pistol. These bums should get life in prison. Lock 'em up and throw the key away!"

Mendoza will spend hours in his dressing room after a match, talking to anyone who stops by. He talks at Boys Clubs when he can take the time from his busy schedule.

He's not just a sideline spectator. He gets involved and that's a big reason for his huge following.

Another reason is his style. Ray Mendoza didn't get the nickname "The Golden Colt" for nothing. He's no longer a youngster—he admits to 39—but Mendoza is like a whirling dervish in the ring. Always moving, an elusive small man battling giants—and winning.

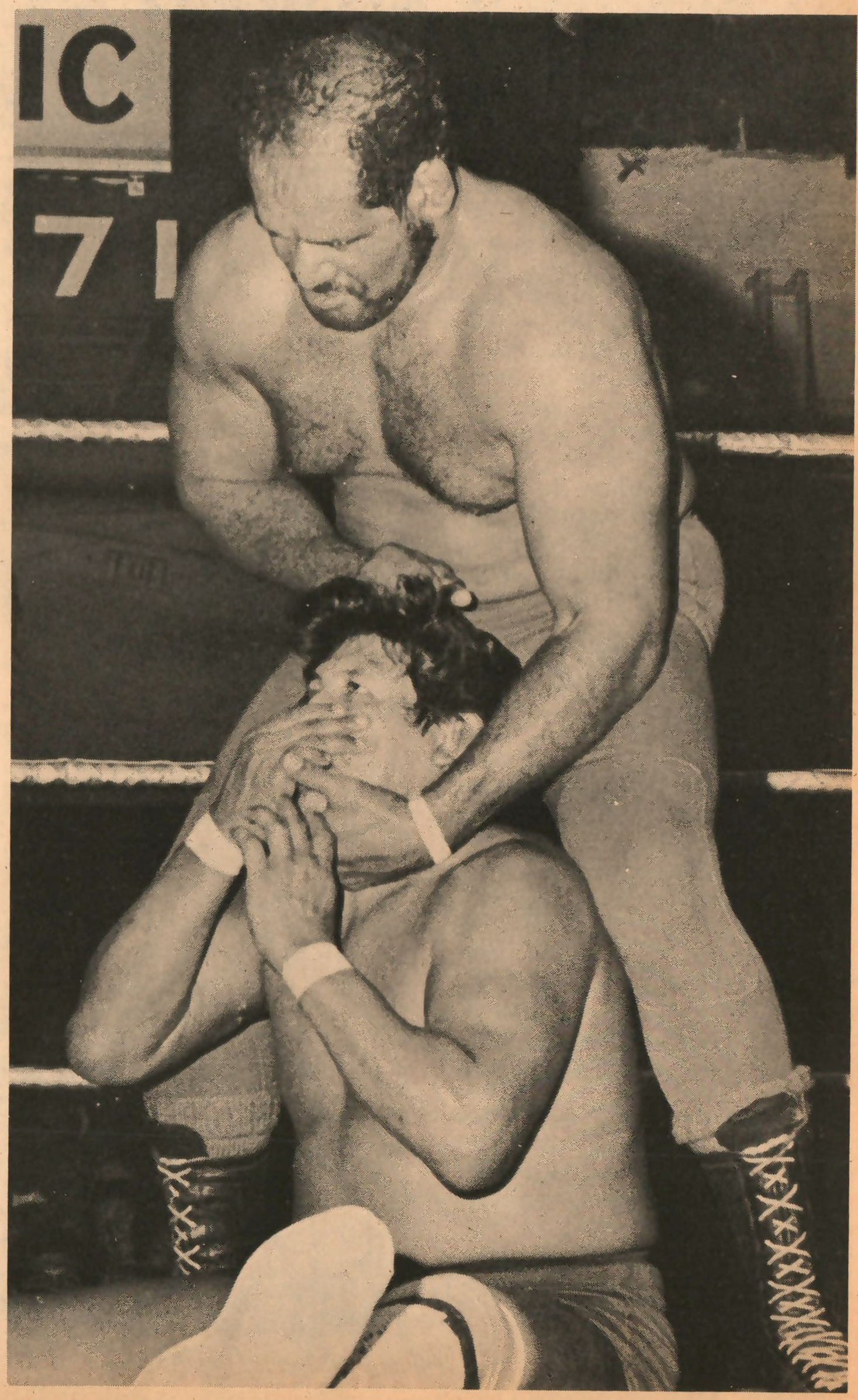
Mendoza is small as big-time wrestlers go. He packs 210 pounds on his muscular 6-foot frame. In many cases, he'll spot an opponent 60 or 70 pounds, but once Ray slaps on his feared *Inverted Universal*—a nelson with a leg lock—it's all over.

"It took me a long time to learn this business," Ray said. "I spent four years as an amateur." He started wrestling for $2 a match. Now Mendoza earns $3,000 a match and the promoters say he's worth every penny.

Ray admits he didn't start out to become a wrestler. He was a boxer in his native Mexico.

"My manager was a bug on me being on time," he recalled. "But one day I overslept and when I got to the gym it was too late for me to fight. I got mad at my manager and told him I was going to work out with the wrestlers who also worked out in the same gym.

"So I started fooling around with wrestling and as I kept learning the more I liked it. But I still hadn't given up on being a boxer. The night before I was to have a fight



Cyclone Negro, having worked his way behind Mendoza, roughs up his smaller foe by whacking him on top of the head and twisting his chin.

I was working out with a pro wrestler. Before I knew it he picked me up and gave me a body slam. Man, it felt like he'd broken every bone in my body. He really hadn't, but I was in no shape to go through with the fight. From then on I decided it was wrestling for me."

Up until then, Ray was a part-time athlete. Married at the age of 16, he worked for the Health Department in Mexico City. Acting on impulse, he quit the job and devoted full time to learning to become a wrestler.

"I lifted weights, ate the right food and put my whole life into it. I had to bring my weight up from 160 pounds, but it wasn't too hard because I always had trouble staying slim. Now I can eat all I want and not worry about the scale."

Quickly he became a big drawing card in Mexico. He was named *Wrestler of the Year* four times, first in 1956.

Ray became a national hero, and also a rich one. He piled up enough money to be able to live the good life, and he now owns a fleet of taxis in Mexico City.

Ray could retire, but he's not ready for the rocking chair yet.

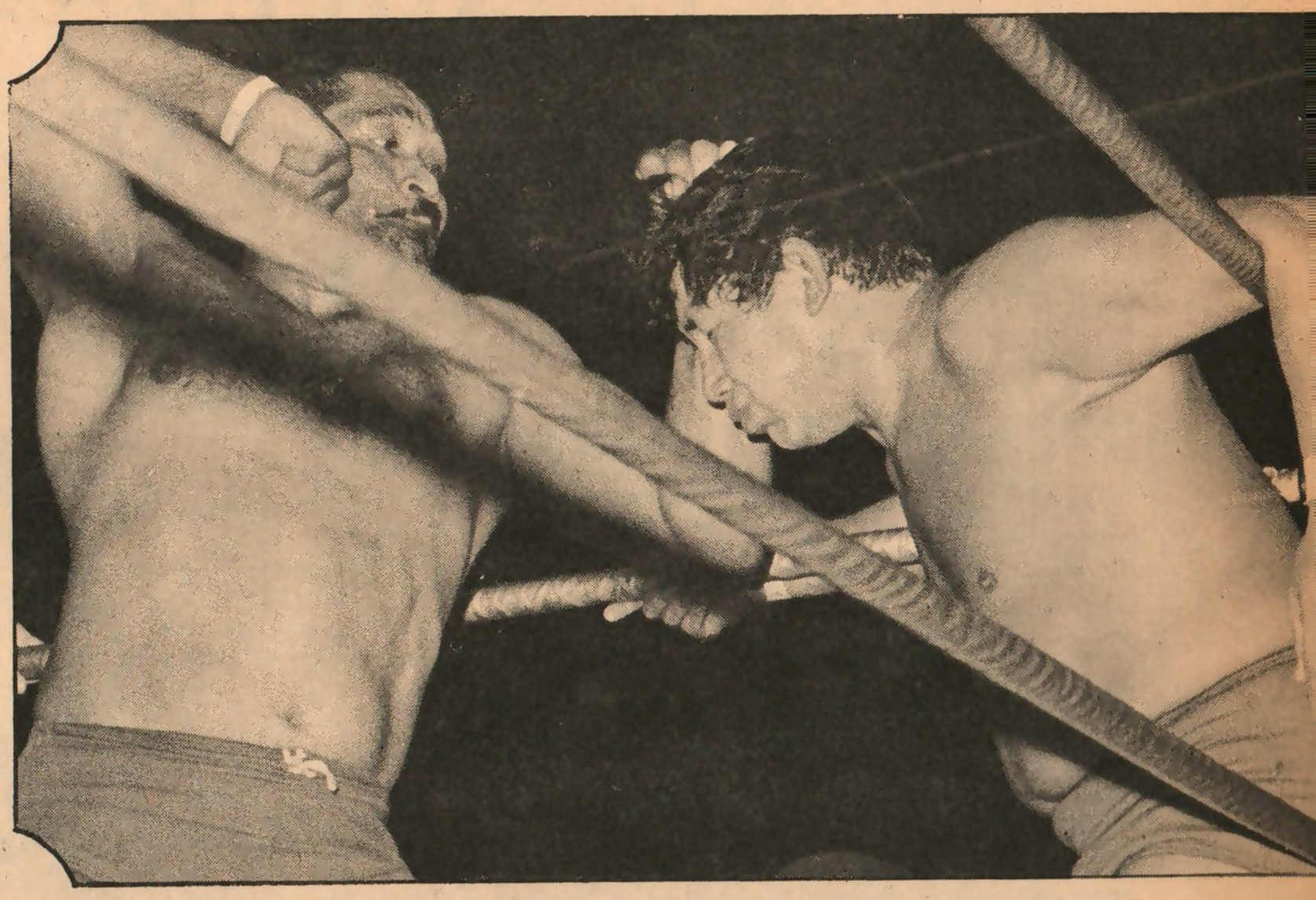
"This is the most dangerous sport in the world," he says. "Nothing compares to it." And a man who has scaled 10,000-foot peaks in Mexico should know.

His left hand has been broken so many times Ray's lost count. Both of his knees have been broken. His forehead is a mass of scar tissue. During one match, he was thrown into the ring post and when he pulled himself free, his head was hooked on a wire. It took 37 stitches to close the gaping wound.

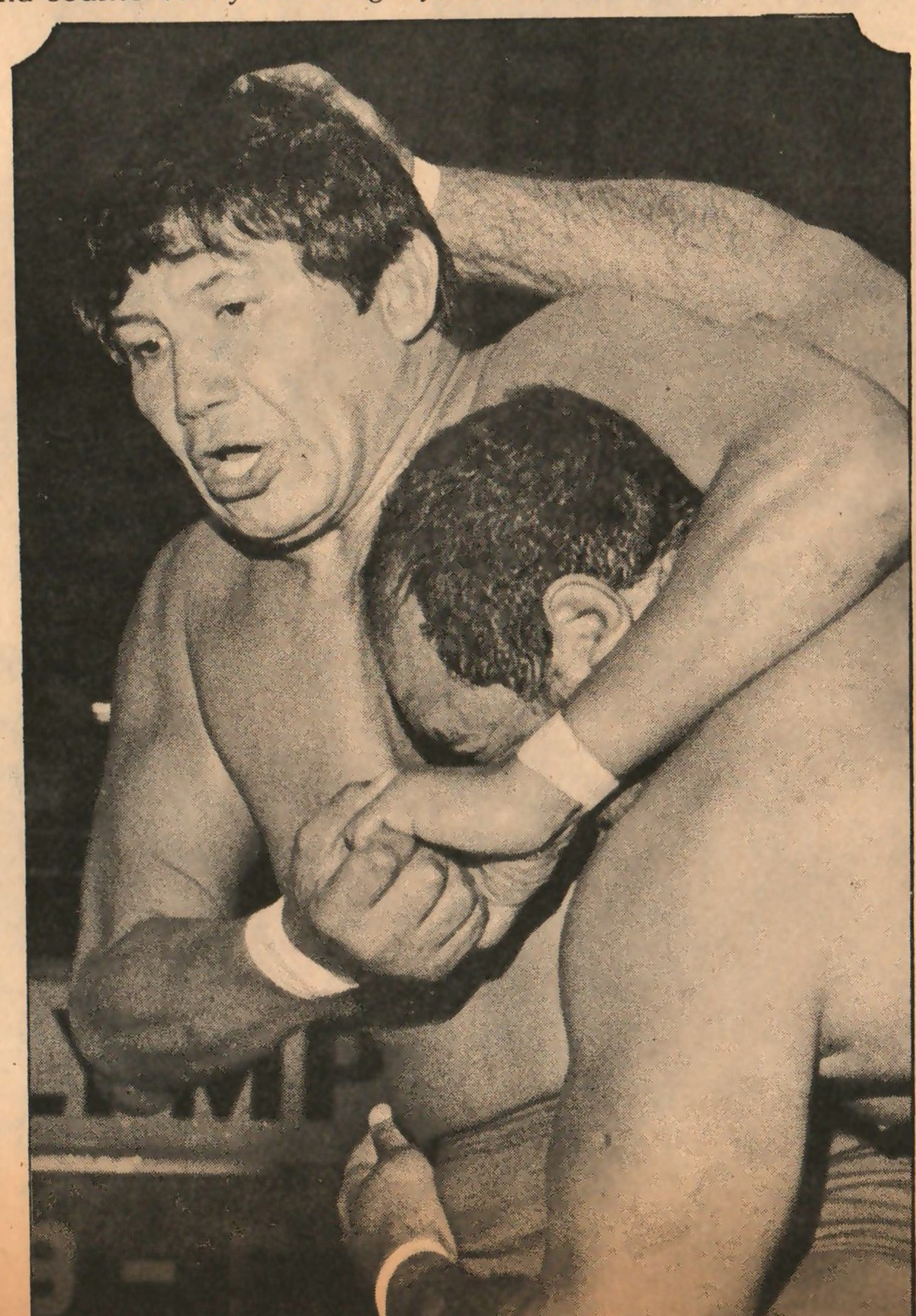
He has twice been paralyzed—once from the waist up. Once he couldn't move his left arm and left leg.

"The thought of being crippled for life terrified me," Ray recalled with a shudder. "But, thank the Lord, everything turned out just fine."

It certainly did. Today, satin-skinned Ramon Mendoza is counted among the most popular Mexican athletes in the world. And that, dear readers, covers an awful lot of territory. □



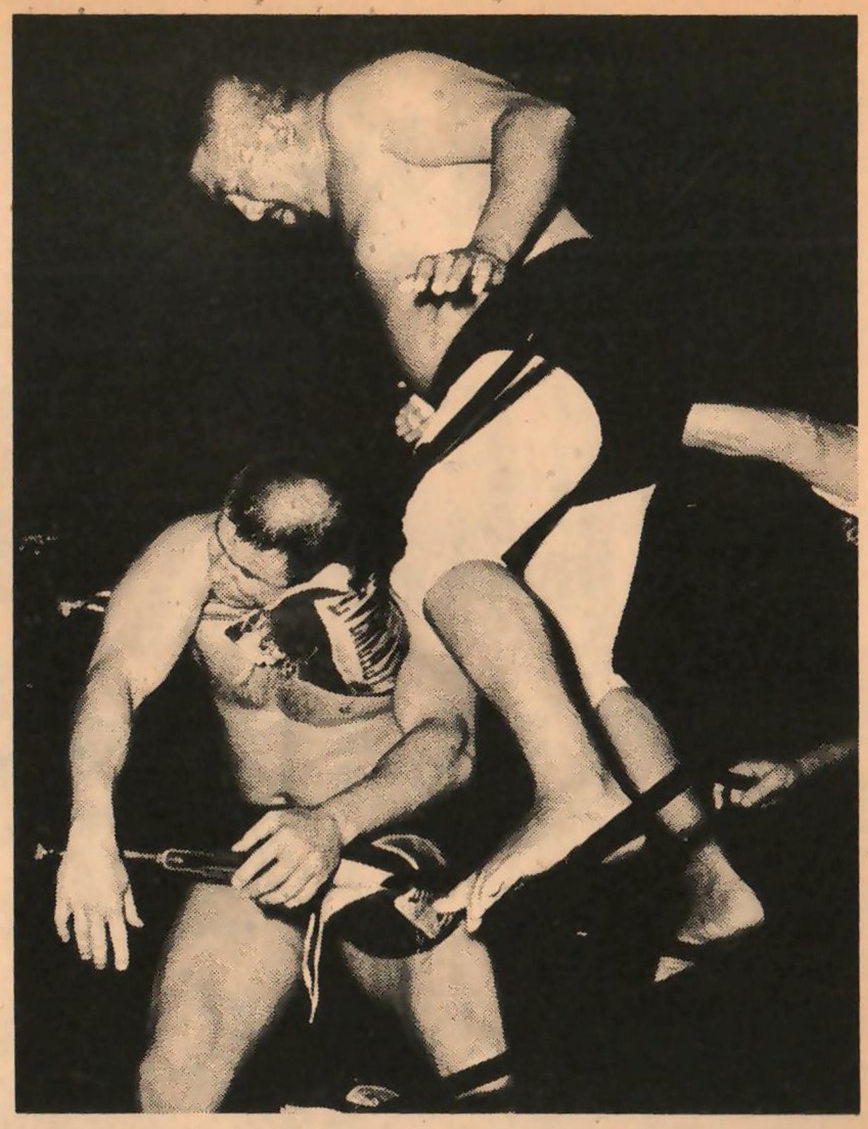
The rip-roaring Cyclone pins Ray into a corner and lashes out with a two-fisted barrage to the head. But Mendoza quickly moved out of danger and countered by catching Cyclone in a perfect headlock (below).



WHY PEPPER GOMEZ SAYS: "*I WANT TO*

Pepper has experienced the agony of nearly being killed by one of wrestling's so-called "animals." Here he is being carted away to a hospital emergency room after being thrown out of the ring and hitting the ringpost with his neck. Doctors feared he had ruptured his larynx. Pepper specifically asked us not to publish the name of his opponent that night.

TEAM UP WITH THE WORLD'S DIRTIEST WRESTLERS!"



After locking Gomez into the ropes, Tokyo Joe blasts his knees into Pepper's body.

"Most wrestlers who raise hell and actually try to murder their opponents aren't really all that bad. They are driven to those extremes by certain things they can't control and which fans don't understand. They need help. Lots of help. That's why I decided to do something about it."

THIS IS AN open invitation," Pepper Gomez told the television audience during a recent interview. "I want everyone to hear it. What I want to do is to team up with fellows like The Sheik, Ivan Koloff...even Killer Kowalski!"

Pepper wasn't kidding. Not one bit. And he wasn't saying it just to get publicity or for personal gain either.

"You team up with guys like that?" snapped the astonished TV announcer. "Ridiculous!"

"Not at all," Pepper retorted. "I think it's a fine idea. Why look what happened tonight. What more proof do you want?"

What happened that night was, admittedly, a most unusual occurrence. Gomez, one of wrestling's all-time good guys, had teamed up with Cyclone Negro, one of wrestling all-time bad guys. What's more, they went together like peaches and cream. They also won their match.

To the astonishment of the crowd, Negro wrestled strictly according to the rulebook. No kicking. No gouging. No biting. No concealed objects in his trunks that could be quickly turned into murder weapons. Not a trace of anything like that.

"You just saw the very thing I'm talking about," Gomex continued. "You saw a man known all over the world as an animal conduct himself like a champion—not a trace of a foul. It proves what I've been saying for years: most of the so-called villains can wrestle nearly as scientifically

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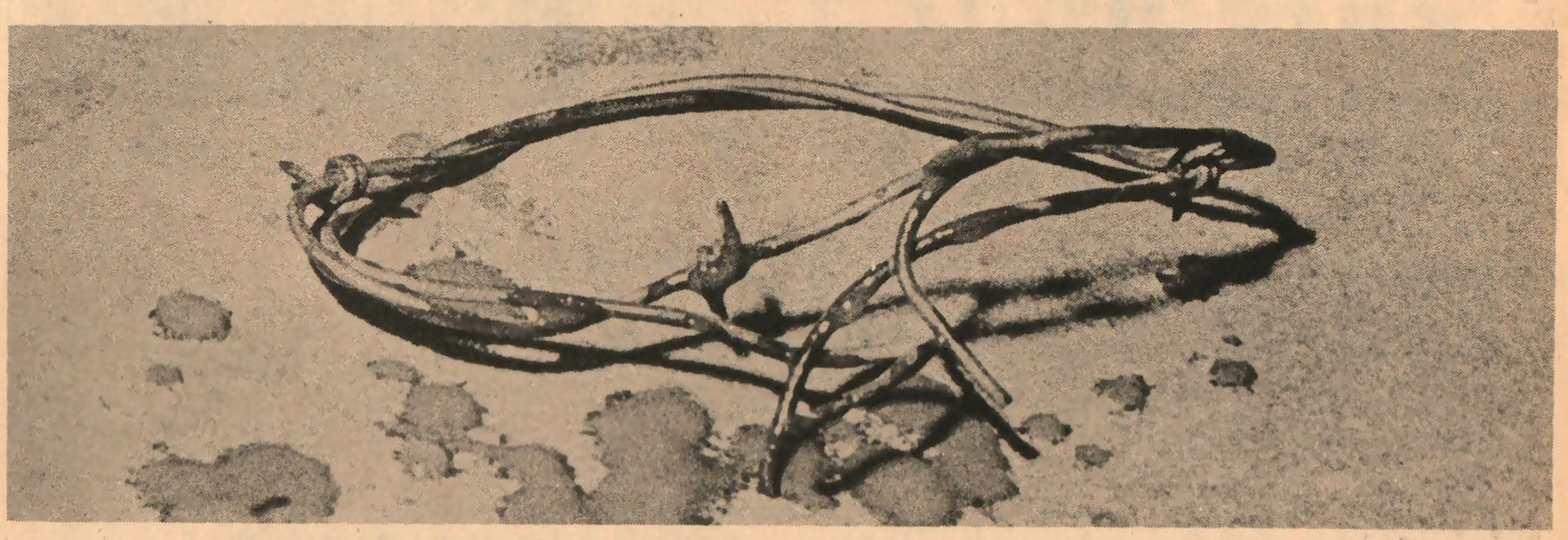
THE BRAWL WE JUST HAD TO INVESTIGATE!



This piece of barbed wire, twisted to fit around a fist and laying in a pool of blood, is the evidence.

This magazine is dedicated to one basic premise: the impartial reporting of wrestling news from around the world. We take no sides, play no favorites and try to report both sides of every story in a straightforward, objective manner.

However, a recent incident in Chicago has forced us to put aside our basic policy and turn detective because we believe that unless quick legal action is taken in this case, the sport will suffer irreparable damage.

At this very moment, our investigators are busy gathering the facts, and we cannot make any judgments or recommendations until all the facts are in. However, this we promise: if the guilty party is unveiled, we will institute formal charges with the Illinois State Athletic Commission that he be banned for life.

We hope our readers will support us in this drastic action.

The Editors

THERE IS NO love lost for the Bruiser as far as Blackjack Lanza and his manager, Bobby Heenan, are concerned. And the Bruiser will be the first to tell you that he has never hated anybody with the fierce passion he reserves for Lanza and Heenan.

Since Bruiser had been spouting off about how he was willing to take on *both* of them at the same time—the only way Heenan would agree to wrestle the Bruiser—a special handicap match was arranged.

Everyone knew there would be fireworks. But nobody realized how deep the hatred between these adversaries really went.

The Chicago Amphitheater was packed for the bout because both the Bruiser and Heenan vowed a public apology if he lost—an event in itself.

The recent handicap match in Chicago—the Bruiser against Blackjack Lanza and Bobby Heenen—ended in a rare triple disqualification. But there is much more to the bizarre story. Outside the ring after the brawl had ended, our photographer found a piece of blood-spattered barbed wire, twisted to fit around a fist! Under questioning, all three wrestlers vehemently denied bringing the barbed wire into the ring. But the shocking evidence was there. Somebody had used it during the match. But which one?

"These two, especially that crud Heenan, have been mouthing off for too long," Bruiser roared before the match. "What I have planned for them will make them wish they'd never been born!"

Heenan, too, was not without his pre-match warning.

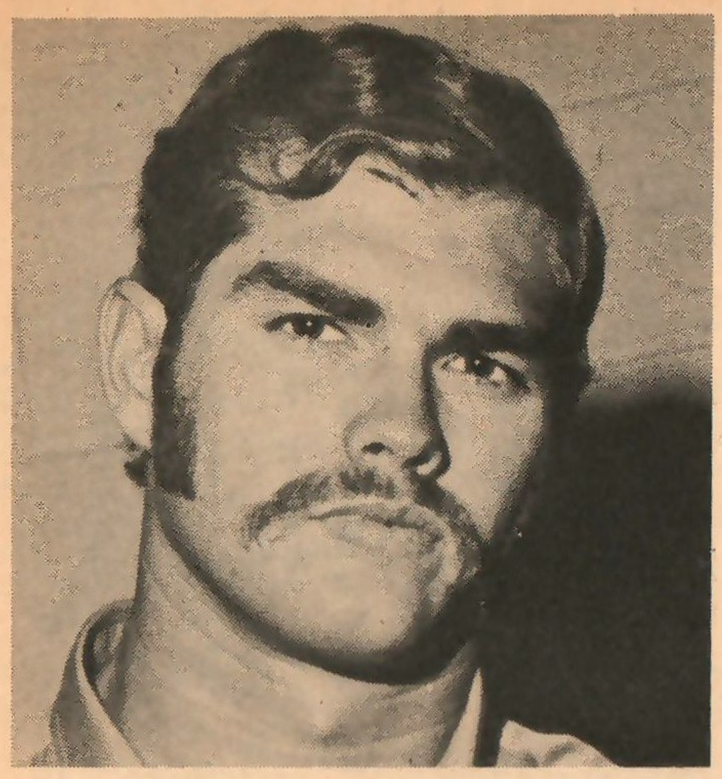
"Bruiser thinks he's the toughest guy in the world," Bobby spouted before climbing into the ring. "Wait'll he sees our little surprise."

It is nothing new for wrestlers to warn of "surprises" or "special plans" before a match. But in looking back at those quotes in light of what developed afterwards, somebody obviously had more in mind than mere verbal threats.

The first fall, by the standards usually set by these particular

(Continued on Page 64)

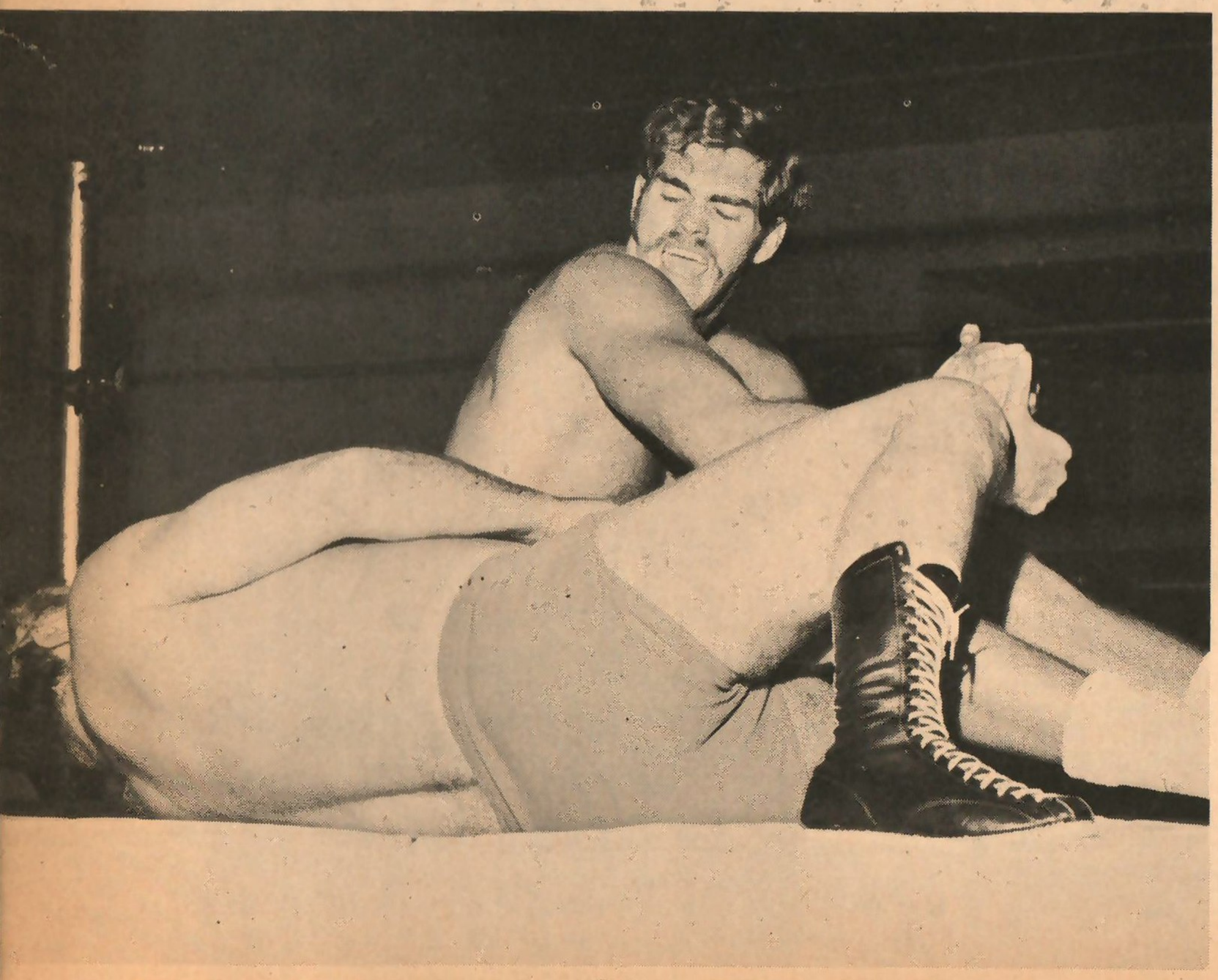
Bobby Heenan, his face bathed in his own blood, fitted the piece of barbed wire around his fist to prove it was too large to fit his hand. He asked our photographer to take this picture to prove he is innocent.



RON FULLER

THAT'S SOME CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

First there was Buddy Fuller, then his son Bob. Now Ron 'The Baby,' has joined the famous wrestling family. One of the biggest men in wrestling today, Ron was a basketball star at the University of Miami. Here's the story behind his decision to give up basketball for the fascinating world of wrestling...



Ron snarls at his opponent, Tom Bradley, as he applies pressure to toe hold during wild match at Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. Ron won the bout.

RON FULLER TURNED the shower on full blast. The cold water ricocheted over his aching body. It felt good.

The young giant had put in a full day at the gym, learning the tricks of his new trade. He was a professional wrestler... and damn proud of it!

"Man, this isn't anything like basketball," he said as he draped the towel around his 6-foot-8, 230-pound frame. Ron had played two varsity basketball seasons at the University of Miami, Florida, and could easily have gone on to a highly successful pro basketball career. Instead, he decided to follow in the footsteps of his famous father and his brother.

Buddy Fuller, his father, has been a top wrestler for more years than he'd like to remember. His brother, Bob, is considered one of the top rookies in the business. Now Ron Fuller has joined

RON FULLER—CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

(Continued from Page 35)

the wrestling firm of Fuller, Fuller and Fuller. He made his pro debut recently and impressed critics with his strength and speed.

"Frankly, I never reached my basketball potential at Miami," admits Ron. "I never dreamed of playing pro ball or making headlines as an All-American. I enjoyed the atmosphere of Miami. I enjoyed the sun, fun and sights. And I got what I wanted while attending school there. But wrestling was in my blood. I craved the excitement of combat."

Ron Fuller played two seasons at Miami. He saw little action as a sophomore, averaging 2.2 points and 1.7 rebounds in 16 games. Although his heart wasn't really in it, he showed considerable improvement as a junior by averaging 5.6 points and 6.3 rebounds in 23 games.

Maybe he would have blossomed into stardom as a senior, but we'll never know. With the basketball program floundering on the brink of financial extinction, Ron decided to quit school. "I just got bored with school," he said frankly.

But it didn't take the young giant long to decide what he'd like to do. "Deep in my heart I knew all along that I'd like to be a wrestler like my dad, my brother and my cousins."

His cousins are the famous Welch Brothers—Roy, Herb and Lester. Roy is now a wrestling promoter. Herb is a former World Junior Heavyweight champion, while Lester is still a headliner.

What youngster wouldn't want to become a wrestler after having grown up in this kind of atmosphere? "I think I've seen dad wrestle ever since I was in diapers. He would always take Bob and me along to the arenas. I guess we were his good luck charms.

"I've heard crowds yell and scream at basketball games, but it can't beat the excitement generated by wrestling. Man, those people are wild. And when they were screaming their lungs out for my dad, well, that was really something. It sent chills up and down my spine. And my heart felt like it would explode right out of my chest. It was beating that fast."

But there were times that Ron Fuller cried and he's not ashamed to admit it. "What little kid wouldn't cry when he sees some guy beating up his father, ripping his face open with sharp objects, breaking his bones with body slams?

"Dad never complained. He said if you want to be a real pro, you have to expect the rough stuff. It was just part of the game and he accepted the risks. But remember, dad always dished out more punishment than he got."

As a youngster growing up in Atlanta, Georgia, Ron really went to two schools—public school and wrestling school. "Dad had a wrestling mat in the basement and he'd spend hours with me and Bob, teaching us the fundamentals. He didn't have to force us to practice. We loved it, and we had the best teacher in the world," said Ron proudly.

Since there was no public school wrestling team, Ron turned his competitive spirit to basketball.

"I first tried my hand at football," he said, "but I was so tall and gawky, the little guys beat the hell out of me. I was too light to play the line and not fast enough to play end. It didn't take me long to realize that football just wasn't my bag.

"But basketball—that was a different matter. I was the tallest kid on the block. It was easy for me to stuff the ball in the basket. I played on a neighborhood

Like his famous father, Ron Fuller specializes in leglocks to weaken his opponents. This particular leglock is one of his favorite weapons.

team for a few years and don't mind admitting there wasn't a kid around who could stop me. I guess it was an ego kind of thing to score all those points."

When the skinny kid entered high school he was 6-foot-2 and still growing. Basketball was a major sport while wrestling wasn't publicized. And a 14-year-old kid wasn't about to miss all the hoorahs, so Ron decided to stick to basketball.

"I think if dad would have pushed me toward wrestling, I would have given up basketball. But he left the decision entirely up to me. He was probably the biggest rooter I had. I always knew when he was in the gym. That loud, booming voice of his would rattle off the gym ceiling," Ron said.

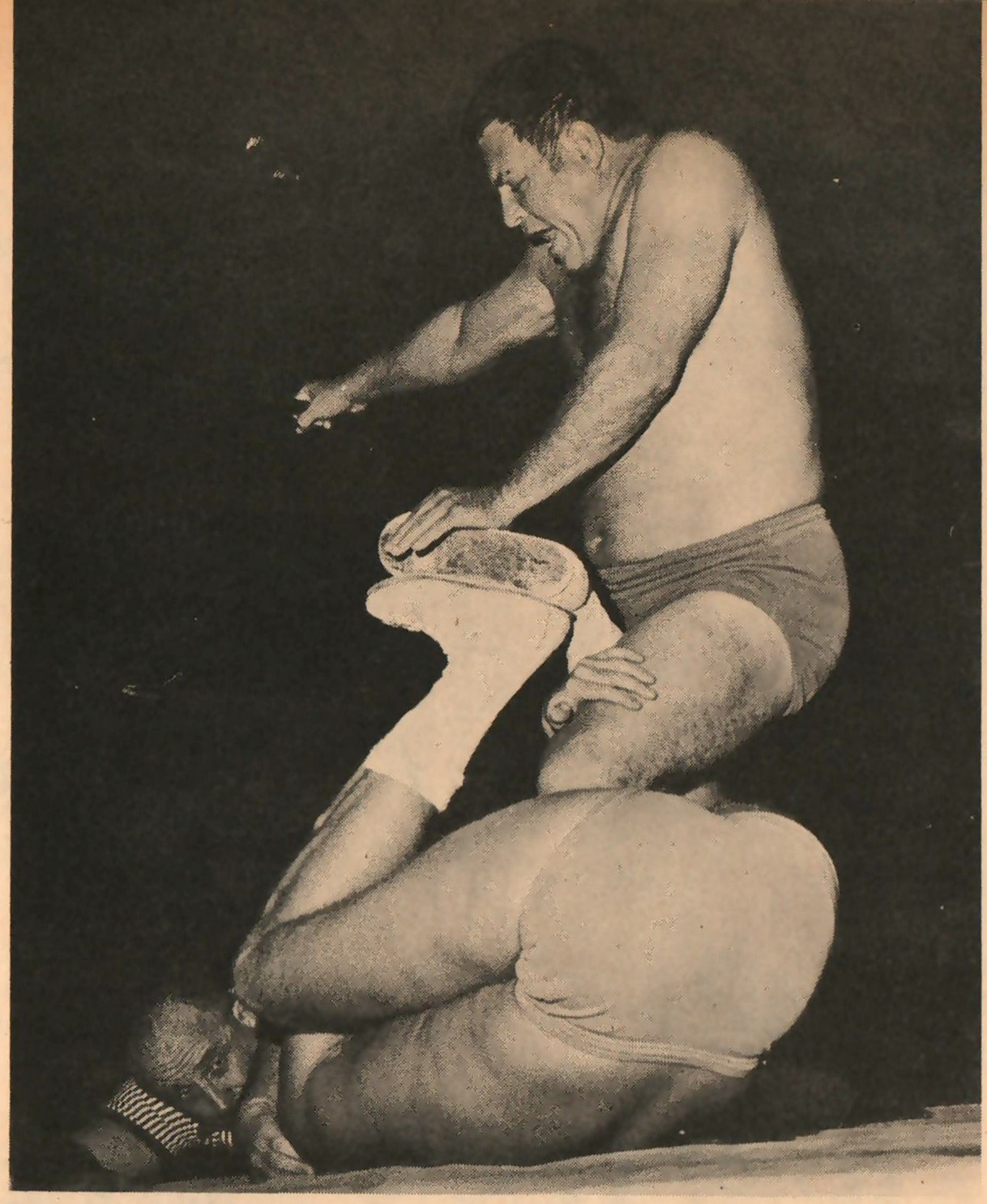
Overnight the gawky giant became a smooth performer. And by lifting weights, his frame filled out. By his senior year, Ron was 6-foot-6 and tipped the scales at 205 pounds.

He was one of Georgia's top schoolboy stars and college scouts swarmed around him like bees. Colleges from the East, Midwest and West all wanted him, but Ron wanted to stay down South and selected Clemson College in South Carolina. That was in the fall of 1966.

But it didn't take him long to decide that Clemson wasn't for him. Miami of Florida was the place to go. So Ron transferred to the Sunshine State.

After sitting out his freshman year because of the transfer, Ron had time to think about what he really wanted to do. Sure he wanted to show 'em that he could be a big time basketball star. That was only natural. But deep in his heart he really knew that basketball would lose out.

While Ron worked out with the freshman team but did not suit up for games, he started spending more and more time practicing with the wrestling team. It was as if the prodigal son had returned home.



Powerful Tom Bradley seems to be bending young Fuller into a pretzel as he ties Ron's feet together and leans weight forward.

There wasn't a heavyweight on the team that could contain the giant. "It was surprising," recalled Ron. "I hadn't forgotten a thing dad taught me, although it was years since I'd been on a mat. It all came back in a flash."

Ron could have given up basketball for wrestling, but he wasn't about to throw away a full scholarship, so he went through the motions of shooting basketballs for two seasons. Finally he had enough.

Shortly after leaving college, Ron made his pro wrestling debut in Atlanta—then headed for Australia in June, 1970, for a barnstorming tour. He stayed there until December, 1970, then returned to the States. He's been racking up win-after-win ever since.

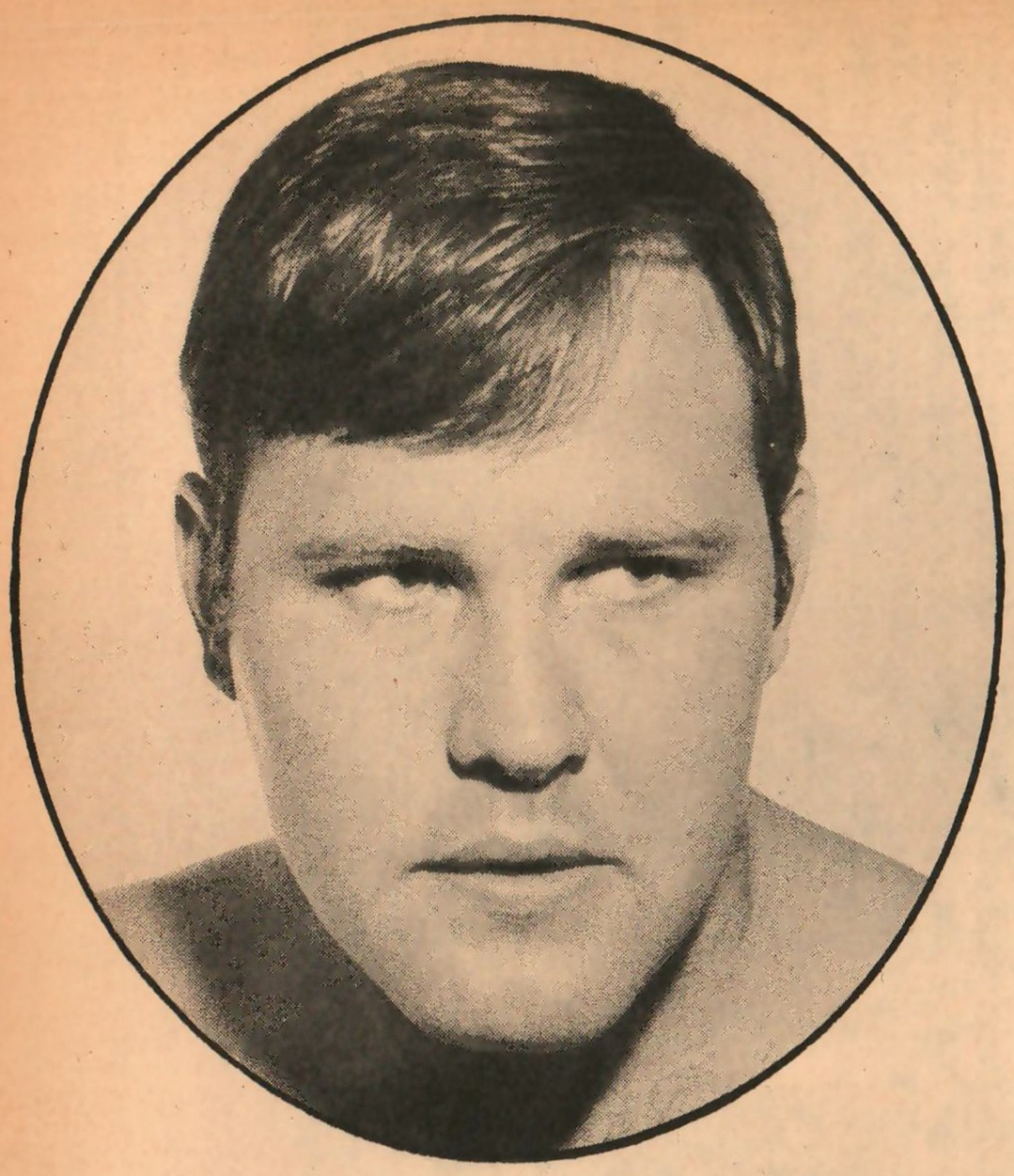
Ron Fuller is a staunch defender of the sport he loves so much, and woe to the person who knocks wrestling in his presence.

Such an incident took place not long ago in Miami, after Ron had won his match and was having late dinner in one of Miami's better restaurants.

"I was just finishing my coffee," Fuller recalled, "when a young man and woman sat down at the table next to me. They had been to the matches that evening and this guy starts shooting off his mouth about how wrestling is this and that and that the deck is stacked before every match. Well, I just couldn't sit there without saying anything, even though I respect the rights of others to think anything they want."

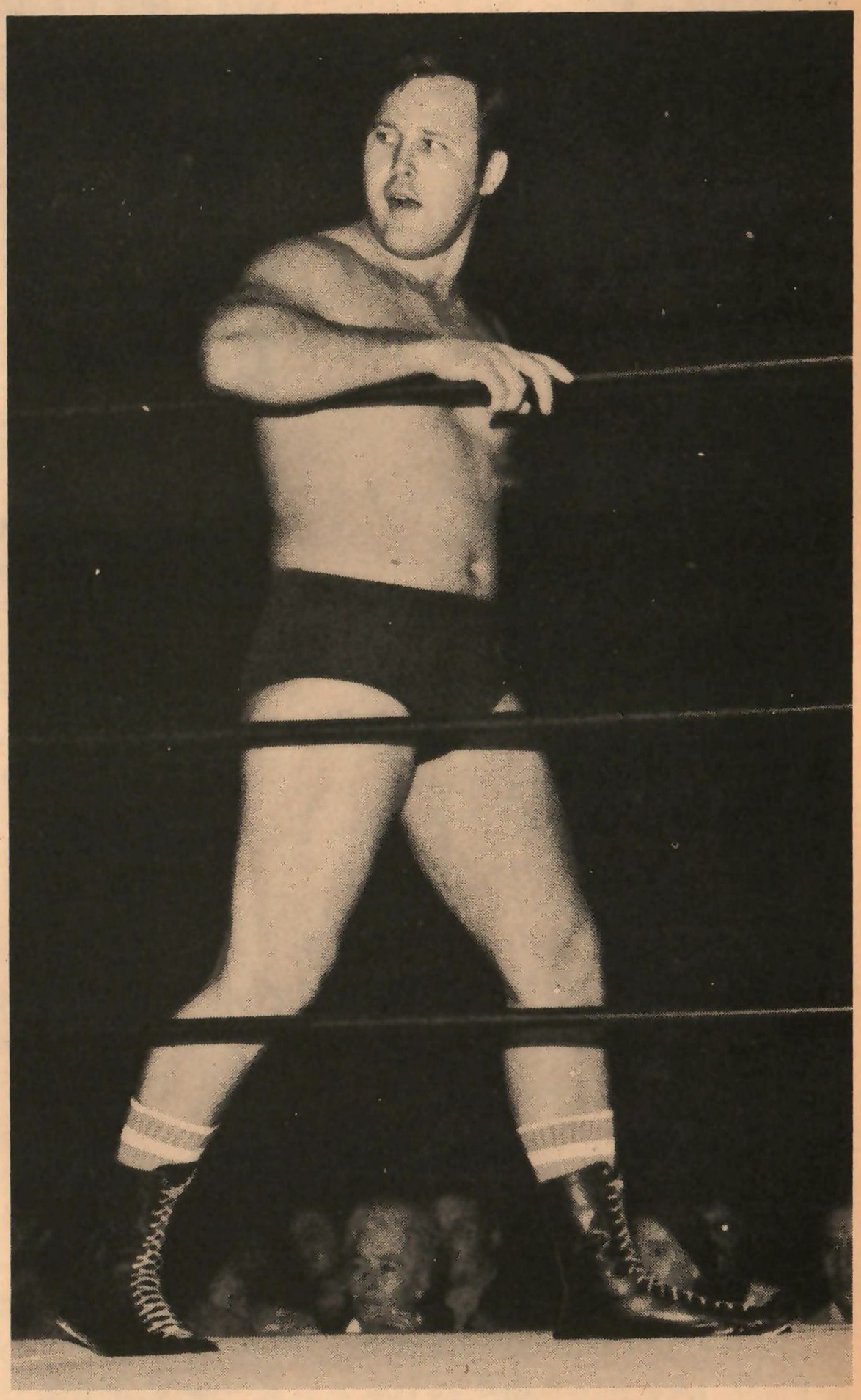
Ron politely introduced himself to the couple and proceeded to explain about all the blood-letting and suffering he had seen wrestlers endure for so many years. "I can assure you," he concluded, "that every time a professional wrestler steps into the ring he's taking his life into his hands."

And who should know better than Ron Fuller—a guy who has been part of wrestling ever since he was in diapers—how tough a sport it really is? □



BOB RAMSTAD—

PROGRESS REPORT ON AN EX-ROOKIE OF THE YEAR



What has happened to rugged Bob Ramstad, wrestling's top rookie of 1969? The ex-University of Minnesota mat star, and protege of Verne Gagne, is a big hit on the West Coast. Fans flock the arenas to see him in action and movie producers want to make him a celluloid Atlas, Samson, or Hercules. But for the time being, Bob seems content to sharpen his skills and make a name for himself. Here's the inside story on the north woods muscleman...

FIVE-TIME WORLD wrestling champ Verne Gagne still keeps close tabs on his protege—the handsome giant he discovered in a Minnesota gym four years ago.

"I've followed Bob's career like a mother hen looking after her young. I've followed him from the South, to the Midwest and now to the West Coast," says Gagne with obvious pride.

"I hear he's doing a great job. The fans love him, the promoters stand in line trying to book him and the gals flip at the sight of him. He's big, and he's got what it takes."

The man Gagne was bragging about is rugged Bob Ramstad, a former collegiate wrestling champion at the University of Minnesota.

In 1969, this magazine named Ramstad 'Rookie of the Year' and predicted he had a great future. We haven't changed our mind.

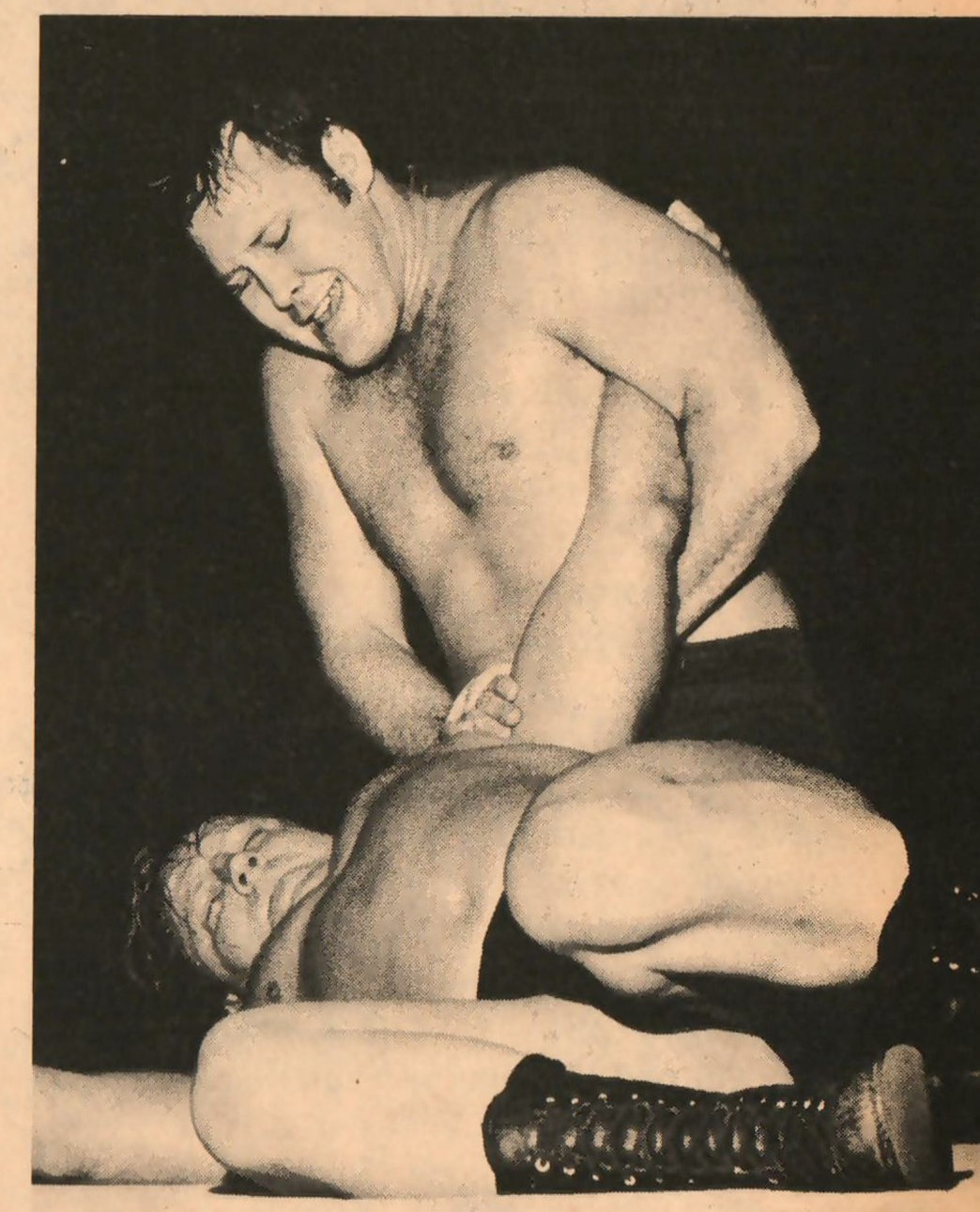
Ramstad is part of wrestling's *New Breed.* He wears his hair in the mod look. His suits have wide lapels. His few ties are wide and colorful. He spells sex appeal with a capital S.

His massive torso and clean-cut appearance have even attracted movie producers.

"Some guy wants me to go into the movies and become a super hero like Steve Reeves," says Ramstad with a grin. "Can you imagine me playing Atlas, Samson or Hercules?

"Can you imagine me wiping out the Roman army with one blow? Or maybe even wrestling some fire-breathing dragon? I have to admit it's all very tempting. Some day I might decide to take up the guy's offer, but right now I'll stick to wrestling."

Young fans swarm around Bob as he arrives for match at arena in Charlotte, N.C. Whenever Ramstad is in view you're sure to hear such remarks as, "Boy, isn't he just groovy," "He's the boy friend I'd most like to take me home," "Bob communicates with us kids. He knows where it's at." Bob himself takes all this adoration in stride. "Wrestling fans are marvelous people," he says. Right: Bob punishes Art Neilson with an armlock during a recent tag team bout in which Ramstad teamed with Luther Lindsay to defeat Neilson and Kurt Von Stroheim.



But don't think that Ramstad wouldn't jump at the film offer once he becomes world champion. After all, a champ would command a higher salary than just a promising challenger. Any bright young man who knows about supply-and-demand can figure that out.

In the meantime, the Minnesota strongman will continue sharpening his skills and building his reputation.

As one wrestling promoter put it: "Bobby's popularity seems to be growing by leaps and bounds. When he came to California he was virtually an unknown. But it didn't take long for him to catch on. It was refreshing to watch someone who really knows what wrestling is all about. Sure he took his lumps from the wild guys,

but he beat most of them with his brawn and brains."

The crowds took an instant liking to him, and he made good copy for the news media.

Recently, Ramstad took part in a blazing 22-man battle royal in Los Angeles and more than held his own. "I was glad to come out of it in one piece," he recalls, "but it was good experience. That's what really counts.

"I remember when I started out in the South. They had some very tough guys down there. It sure wasn't like college where we wrestled by the rules. They ripped my eyes, broke my nose, fractured my ribs. But what the hell—I was getting educated."

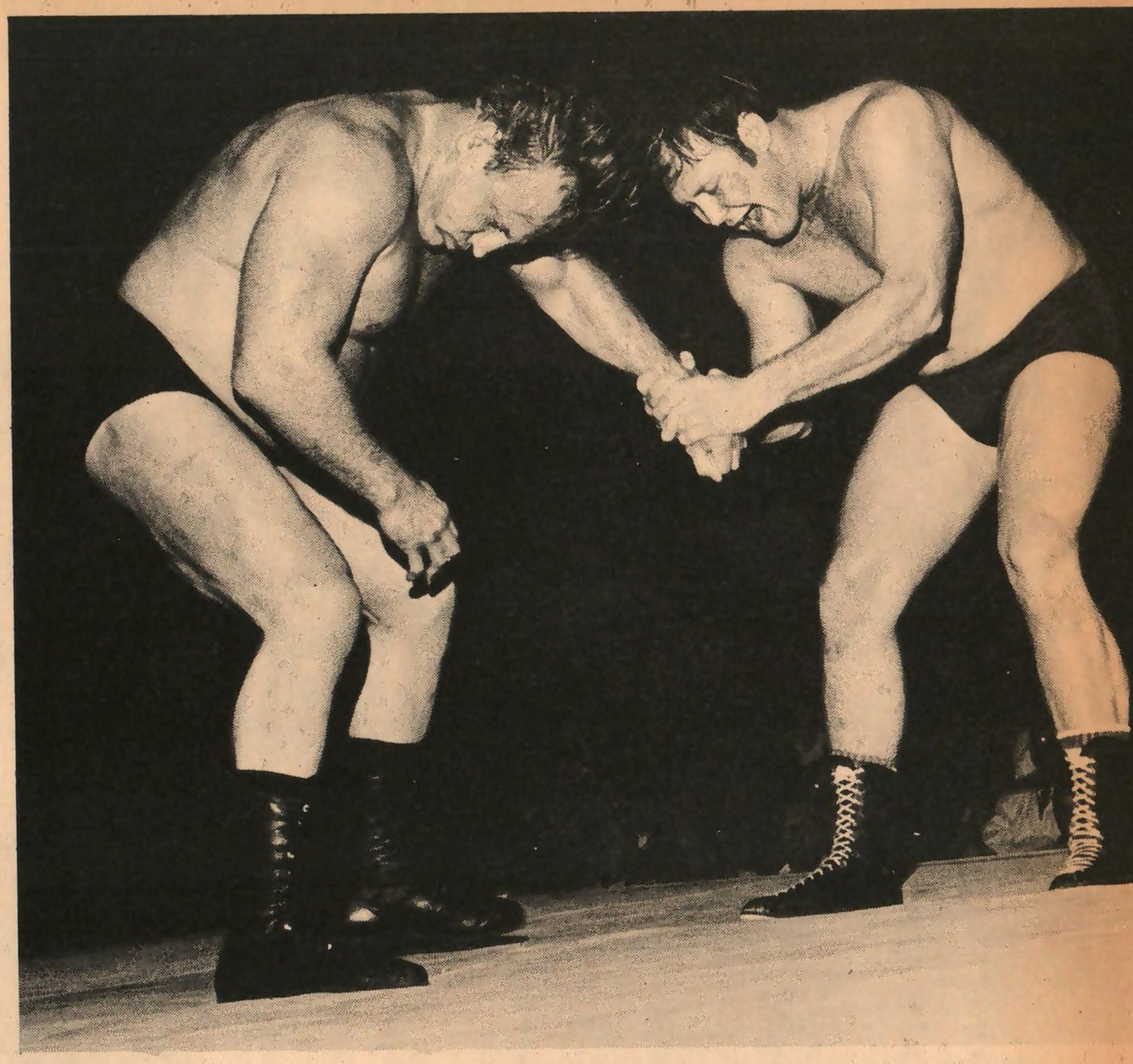
The youngster proved a bright pupil. In his first year as a pro, Ramstad won 75 percent of his matches and was named top rookie of the year.

It wasn't long after that he and Johnny Walker teamed up to whip Johnny Long and Tojo Yamamoto in Memphis, Tennessee, to become N.W.A. Southern Tag-Team champions.

After his successful Southern siege, Ramstad headed West leaving a string of fallen victims along the way. He survived an ambush in the badlands of Oklahoma, then moved on to California where he's become an overnight sensation.

Part of the reason for Ramstad's success has been his scholarly approach to the sport. He's already filled a dozen little black books with information about other wrestlers.

"I got the idea from the pro golfers," Bob admits. "Why most of those guys, particularly Jack Nicklaus, take notes on every course they play. How many times have you noticed Nicklaus pull out his little book and check his notes? I noticed it when he came to play in the Minnesota

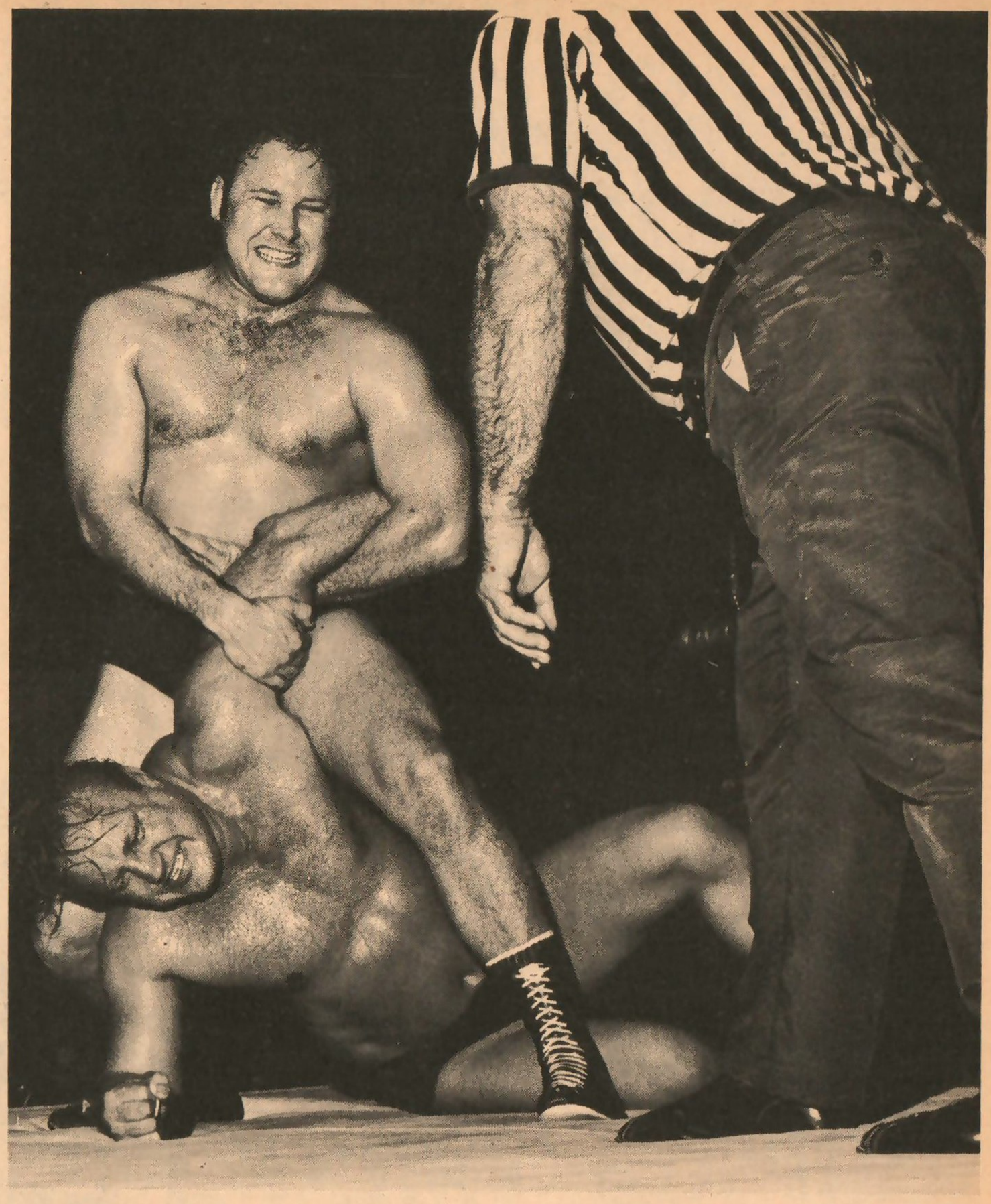


Above: Ramstad (right) tries to maneuver big Art Neilson into position for an arm whip. But seconds after picture was taken by our staff photographer, Gene Gordon, Neilson sent his fist crashing against Bob's unprotected jaw, forcing him to release his hold. Right: Bob quickly recovered and caught Neilson in this painful arm-bar hold.

Open a few years ago. He even kept track of every shot he took in practice, what kind of club he used, the distance from one point on the course—say a fairway sand-trap—to the green.

"These guys play for a lot of dough and they can't afford to make a mistake. It's a business to them and they treat it as a business. They just don't go up to the tee and whack away.

"It's the same way with me. I got in the habit of taking notes when I was in college. After every one of my matches I'd put down whatever I could remember about my opponent. I was mainly interested in tendencies—what he'd do in a certain situation. Believe me, it came in very handy when I met the guy again. It's helped me a lot since turning pro.



Ramstad's handsome face bears strained expression as he puts all his enormous power behind armlock he has on Art Neilson. The referee kept asking Art if he wanted to quit. "Get the hell away from me!" Art yelled.

Each wrestler has an Achilles heel, so to speak. All you have to do is find it."

When Ramstad started out in the preliminaries he'd stick around after his match was finished, jotting down notes on every other wrestler on the program.

And even now as a main event performer he'll sit in the stands as long as he can and do his homework. But now he uses a small tape recorder to take notes orally before writing them down in his book. Or sometimes Bob will even take motion pictures of certain men in action.

Despite the ribbing he takes from his fellow wrestlers, Ramstad isn't about to stop his unusual practice.

"Sometimes it's a matter of self-preservation," Bob admits. "I'm not worried about getting out of the ring alive when I'm wrestling a scientific opponent like Dory Funk, Jr. or Johnny Weaver or Georgie Becker. That's the best-man-wins kind of thing. But when you're in there with animals like The Sheik or Killer Kowalski, well, that's a different story entirely. You can wind up a cripple for life before you know what hit you!

"When I'm in that kind of a situation, it's like the Little Big Horn, the Battle of the Bulge and Guadalcanal all rolled up into one atomic explosion! And you'd better believe it—I'm not about to let myself be massacred!"

(Continued on page 53)

Amateur Girl Wrestlers...

YOU WOULDN'T go so far as to believe that—but they're certainly the wildest, these amateur girl wrestlers who are bucking to get into the pro ranks. If they can make it—and there's no reason why they shouldn't—it'll be great for the game because girl wrestling is badly in need of exciting new personalities.

Right now, these girls—there are eight of them—are getting invaluable training under expert coaches on the West Coast. Some of them, especially redheaded "Rusty," are ready for the big time right now—but they want to get more seasoning before tackling the likes of Fabulous Moolah, Penny Banner and other top stars.

That Rusty—she's quite a gal. Sharp. Fast. And savage. If you want to throw her figure in, too—and who wouldn't?—you've got a mighty powerful package.

So powerful that—Well, let me tell you about the tigress she wrestled one night. This beefy dame had racked up a perfect record in the

Rusty (white suit) makes it look so easy as she bends Gracie into a pretzel. All Gracie could do was clench her fists in frustration. Then she gave up.

Left: The pretty blonde who calls herself "Kitten" has the powerful brunette who uses the name "Kumiko" in a punishing headlock. But soon after picture was taken Kumiko kicked out of the headlock and pinned Kitten with a rather unusual hold (below).

They're the WILDEST!

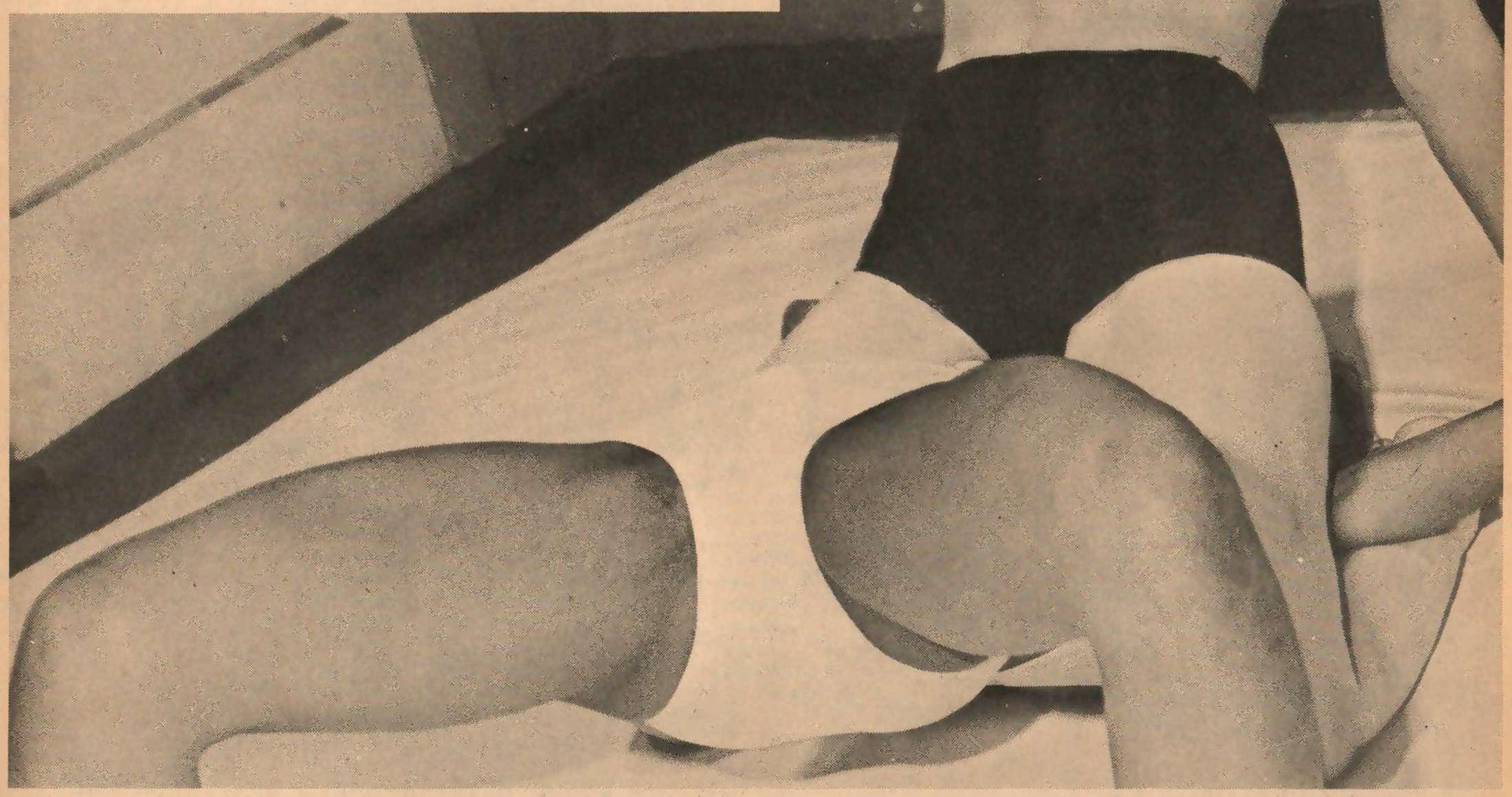
few months she'd been in the amateur ranks. I saw some of the 25 opponents she had beaten. Or maybe "destroyed" would be a better word. They were tough and mean—but nothing to compare with this particular Amazon.

Next to her, Rusty looked like a frail schoolgirl. Though I had all the respect in the world for Rusty's abilities, I began to wonder when I was told she wouldn't stand a chance if they ever met.

Finally, they did meet. If Rusty was awed, she didn't show it. But hardly anyone was looking at her. They were all glued to the Amazon with the tremendous physique and rippling muscles. *Continued*

AMATEUR GIRL WRESTLERS
Continued

Rusty the Redhead comes out on top all the time



The shapely young woman known in amateur wrestling circles as "Carolynne" (shown here pinning Rusty), is generally rated among the top five amateurs in the world. "I've watched the girl pros many times," says Carolynne, "and I've had lots of offers to turn pro myself, but I enjoy what I'm doing. So why change?"

Rusty's muscles you can put into a matchbox. But she's not the muscular type, anyway. She relies on balance, leverage and quick reflexes. Not that she isn't strong for a girl her size. She is—extraordinarily so. But she just doesn't look like a muscle show.

Anyway, they started out slowly, pawing the air and feeling one another out and—boom! Rusty made the first move—a body slam that rattled the entire ring. The Amazon staggered to her feet, amazement in her eyes.

Coolly, Rusty moved in, grabbed her by the wrist and sent her crashing into a ringpost. Again the Amazon got up groggilly and again Rusty banged her around, this time ending up with a Boston Crab.

Well, that was it. Rusty had overwhelmed a dame 30 pounds heavier —in just seven minutes! Overwhelmed her so decisively that I was ashamed I had entertained any doubts about her ability.

The biggest excitement generated in the amateur troupe comes when one of the girls tries to challenge Rusty's leadership. And that happens all the time as these girls scramble to topple her.

One of the best members of the troupe is Carolynne. Now Carolynne has been trying for months to "get" Rusty—but she hasn't succeeded yet, though she has given the tempestuous redhead a wild time.

I often kid Carolynne about her failure and she takes it good-humoredly enough, but there is a glint in her eyes when she says: "Arthur, I'm going to do it someday—I'm going to top her if I die trying."

So far, however, no one has been able to top the redhead. And if you ask me, the pros are going to have a tough time doing it, too, when Rusty decides she's ready to wrestle for big stakes. □

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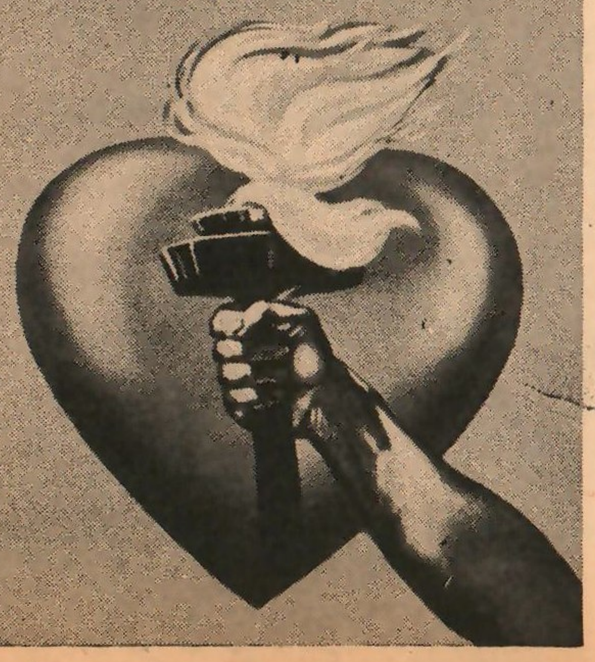


WINDHAM TO MULLIGAN

(Continued from Page 24)

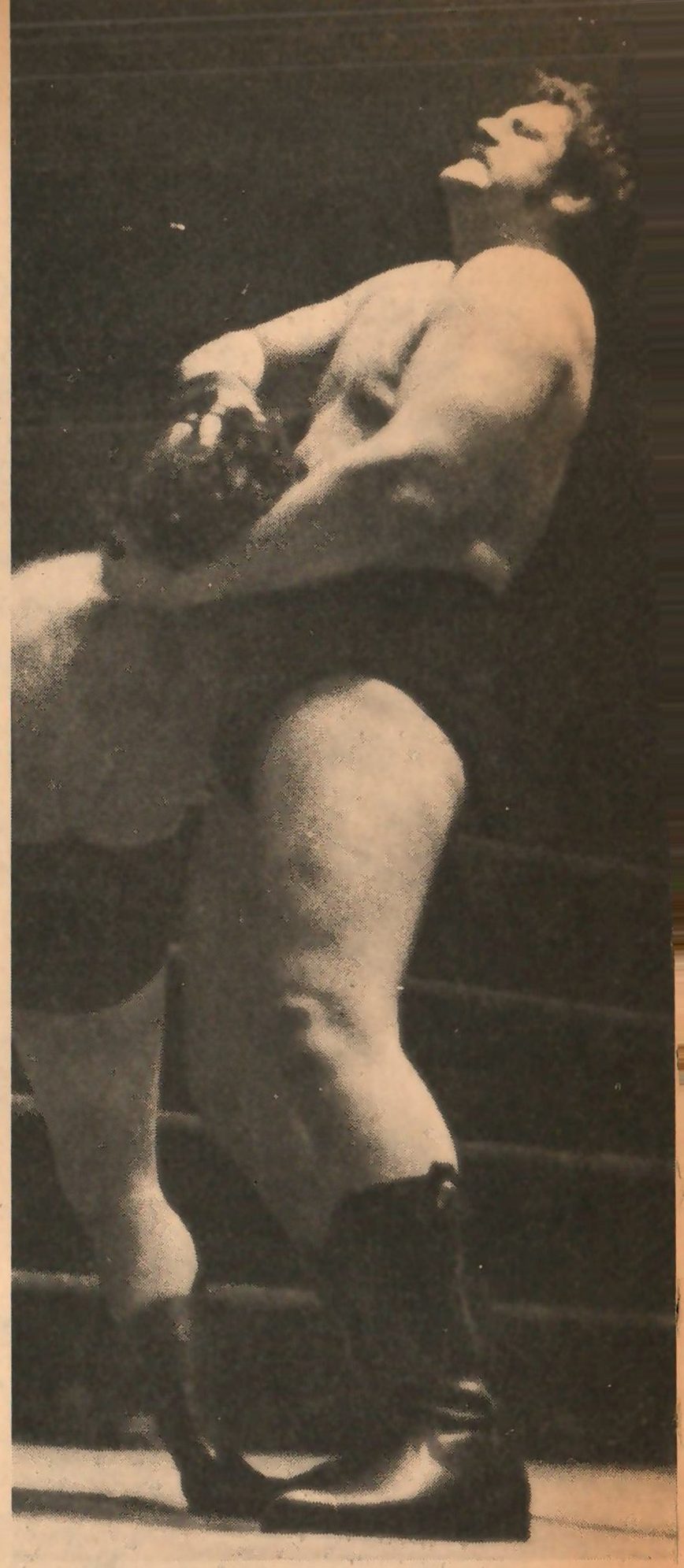
tonight. You saw my new creation. When he is in the ring it is like I am in the ring. He is an extension of me. He follows strict orders. Every move he makes I have programmed. Every hold he knows I taught him. He is a living monument to my own greatness!"

While The Wizard continued to rant and rave I attempted to get a more rational viewpoint from Windham. Since very little time had passed since I last interviewed him I assumed he'd remember me.

"Do not call me 'Bob' or anything like that," he said staring blankly ahead. "I am Blackjack Mulligan and I have never heard of Bob Windham. I have been created by The Wizard for the express purpose of winning the heavyweight championship of the world. I have no past."

No recognition showed on his face. He spoke as if he were a recording or as if he were hypnotized. Somehow, The Wizard has succeeded in wiping out his past. It was like talking to a zombie and all I could think of was the story of how Dr. Frankenstein created his famous monster. The former easy-going, ex-football player, who sometimes signed autographs for as much as an hour after a match, was now a machine. He acted as if Bob Windham were some name I had made up on the spur of the moment.

I went back to The Wizard and asked him what he had done. "I have told you all you are allowed to know," he snapped. "From now on you will be satisfied simply to see what happens in the ring. And what you will see is perfect 'control.' It is what is called mind over matter. There is no hypnosis involved. It is a technique I have refined to its absolute apex. When this man becomes champion, people from all over the world—scientists, heads of state, generals—will all



Mulligan cocks back his head as he tortures foe with a face claw.

come to The Wizard to find out how I have mastered this amazing transformation."

Of course all reporters are born skeptics and not for one minute did I believe The Wizard or his supernatural tales. Yet, as I remembered my last visit with Bob Windham and compared it with this one I simply could not explain the incredible change that had taken place.

Although I couldn't figure out that, the technical part of the fantastic change of a human being, I did at least understand what The Wizard meant when he told me, "Bob Windham no longer exists." □

CORRESPONDENT REPORTS

(Continued from Page 14)

saw Buddy "Killer" Austin wrestle Bob Lueck. Buddy captured the first fall when he came off the top rope with a booming knee-drop. But Lueck rebounded to win the second fall with a series of dropkicks. The third fall was really wild. Lueck tried to stop Austin with his famous flying body block, but Bob misjudged his distance and hit the referee, knocking him out of the ring. When Lueck tried to help the referee back, he was met with a knee in his back from Austin. Then Austin climbed the ropes and came down again with a knee drop. About this time the referee worked his way into the ring as Austin picked Lueck up and slammed him to the mat. The Killer then threw himself on top of Bob and the referee counted him out.

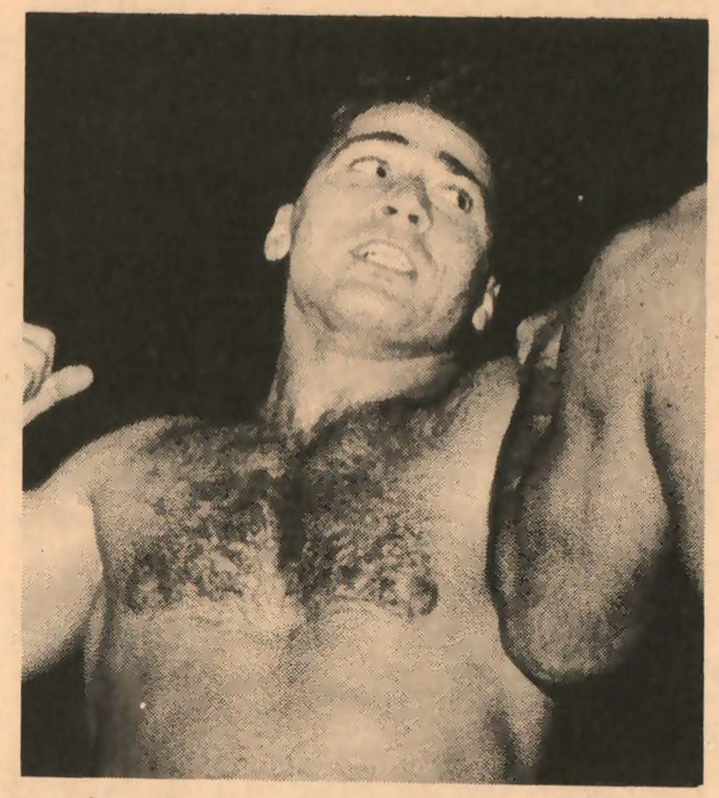
OREGON REPORT
By Don Parks

Northwest champion Dutch Savage was lucky to keep his title after a wild bout with Lonnie Mayne. Lonnie thrilled fans as he won the first fall with a flying knee drop, but the clever Savage managed to take the second fall. When Mayne was being worked over badly in the third fall, his pal Tony Borne, who was watching from ringside, stormed into the ring to help his battered friend. Seeing this, Moose Morowski, who was also a ringside spectator, rushed to the aid of Savage and all four went at it! After five minutes of riotous action, order was finally restored and the match was awarded to Savage—because Borne interfered first.

It seems like Borne and Morowski can't get away from each other. In a recent tag team match, Borne was paired with the popular White Avenger against Morowski and Savage. Once again it was interference that stole the show. It happened in the third fall when Morowski and Savage refused to let up on Borne and his masked partner. Into the ring charged Stan Stasiak to aid Borne and the Avenger. Stasiak gave Savage and Morowski a beating that sent them retreating to the dressing room. The fans roared with approval but their cheers soon turned to boos as the referee awarded the match to Savage and Morowski on a foul.

Another wild tag team match took place when Kurt and Karl Von Steiger downed the team of Haru Sasaki and Great Fugi. After winning the first fall, Kurt and Karl ganged up on Fugi, seriously damaging his knee and forcing the Japanese star to submit. While Fugi was being carried out on a stretcher, the German duo went after Sasaki and mopped the floor with him. Sasaki and Fugi are looking for a rematch to regain their "honor," as they put it.

The fabulous midgets paid us a visit recently and proved what a great group of wrestlers they really are. One match pitted Little Brutus and Sky Low Low against popular Pepi Morales and Joey Russell. It was fast-moving and exciting all the way, with the team of Russell and Morales coming out the victors.



Tony "Dino" Marino

NEW ENGLAND RINGSIDE
By Dennis J. Aleff

Tony "Dino" Marino has been involved in a series of wild battles. To the fans delight, he's defeated such unfavorites as The Black Demon, Joe Turko, Mike Conrad and Jack Evans. Tony's also been teaming frequently with Chief Jay Strongbow in an attempt to lift the International tag team title from the Mongols.

The one man riot squad, Bulldog Brower, has returned and he's mean

(Continued on page 62)

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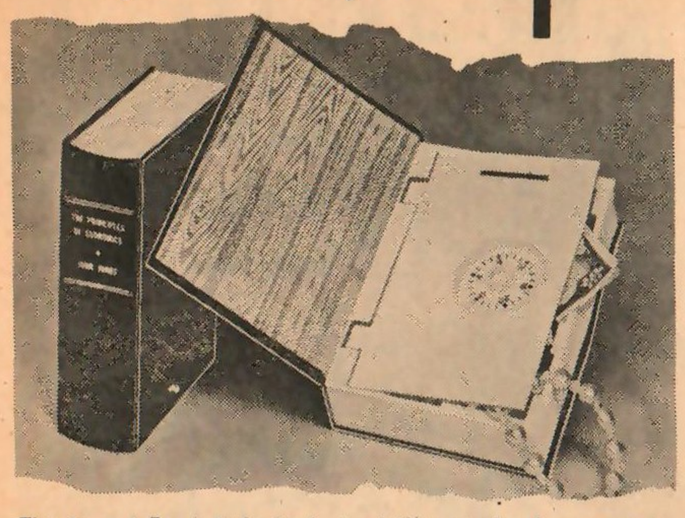

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WHERE DOES BRUNO GO FROM HERE?

(Continued from Page 17)

"That's a very difficult question to answer," Bruno replied. "All the time we see in the papers how ballplayers, politicians, boxers and others talk about retirement and then, a few months later, they come back. Some need the money. Some need the limelight. Some just miss their work so much they can't stay retired.

"It happens all the time. Many older men retire when they reach 60 or 65. They take it easy for a year, maybe two. Then they go out and get a part time job. When you work all your life it isn't easy to change your style.

"Sure there were things I didn't like about wrestling. I hated the injuries, the travelling, the lack of privacy. But there were also the things I loved. I loved being looked up to. I loved the opportunity to meet so many wonderful people. I loved the feeling of walking down the street and having people know who I was. As for now, I plan to spend time with my family and continue wrestling on a limited basis. As for the title— I hope Pedro keeps it for a long while. I have no plans to ask for a title match now. If I won it again I'd be right back to where I was. I would like to think I've earned the right to take it a little easy now."

There is nobody that would dispute Sammartino's right to relax. What many fans do not know is that for the past few years, Bruno has had more than his fair share of injuries. And because he was the champ, the show always had to go on. When you're the heavyweight champion of the world, you can't call in sick when you don't feel good. And being on the go five and six nights a week doesn't give injuries much time to heal.

Bruno doesn't like to discuss his injuries but insiders like manager Arnold Skaoland know about the nights he went into the ring in far less than perfect physical condition.

"Bruno has taken a battering," Arnold admits. "Especially during the championship years when every challenger was giving him his best shots. I don't know how many times he has had his ribs broken. His nose has been broken so many times it's amazing he still has one. He's got cauliflower ears, scars all over his body and bad knees. He has wrestled with a dislocated shoulder and pulled back muscles. I've even seen him climb back into the ring when other men couldn't get out of bed. Sure Bruno deserves a rest. But it's because he *has* wrestled with all those injuries that I know he won't retire. It's in his blood. He may take it easy for a while but he'll be back. If I know Bruno, he'll be wrestling until he can't climb up those ring steps anymore."

Other wrestlers tend to agree with Skaoland. One, who asked to remain anonymous since he is not considered to be a friend of Sammartino's, told us the following:

"You know I am not exactly crazy about Sammartino. But I gotta give him one thing. He always gives it his best. He's had more than his share of injuries but he never quit and never asked out of a match as long as he could get into the ring. But retire? Not him. He may take it easy for a while but they'll have to cut the trunks off him. I'm glad he lost the title. I thought the referees always protected him. But that doesn't mean he didn't get his share of lumps and he took his lumps like a champion, too."

Gorilla Monsoon, who gave Bruno some of his classic battles before becoming one of his best friends, also doubted the retirement rumors.

"Bruno retire?" he said incredulously. "No chance! Sure, he'll

take it easy for a while. Who can blame him? But he won't retire. I know he wants another shot at Koloff and he'd probably like another shot at the title, although he won't admit it. If Bruno retires it would surprise the hell out of me."

Bruno didn't seem surprised when told of the other wrestlers' feelings. "They might be right," he said with a devilish smile. "I might wake up tomorrow or the day after and find out I miss the action. Let's face it. I'm a wrestler. And it's much more than a job—it's a way of life for me. That's why when you originally asked me about my plans I couldn't give you a definite answer. I wasn't trying to evade the question. I really don't know."

There was one other man who put his two cents in—although he wasn't asked. Lou Albano, Koloff's manager, had definite thoughts about Bruno's future.

"The only reason he's taking it easy is because he's worried they'll match him with Koloff again," Albano said. "He knows that before he ever gets a title shot he'll have to get past Koloff. And you saw what Koloff did to him. If he retires, it's because he's scared of Koloff!"

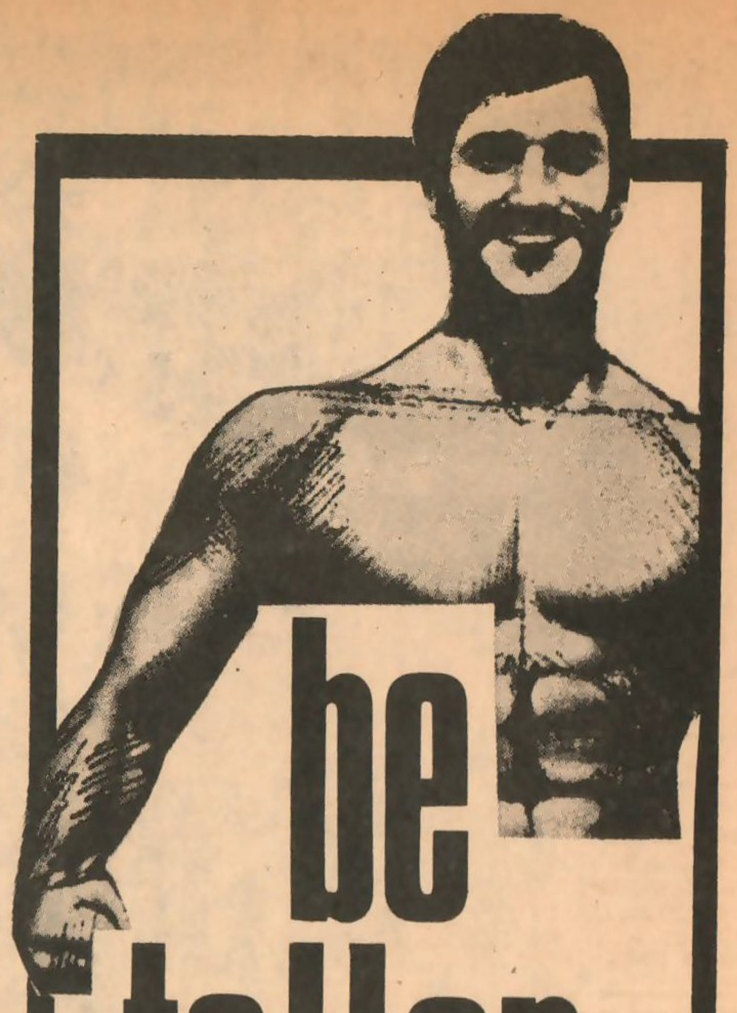
"Scared of Koloff?" Bruno screamed when he was told of Albano's statement. "That's a laugh. He caught me on an off-night and now I'm supposed to be scared of him? Listen. I could get in that ring right now and handle Koloff!"

You could almost see Bruno's pulse quicken as he began to get stirred up about Albano's remarks. It seemed as if the old juices were flowing again—much like they always did before he stepped into the ring.

And as long as the old feelings remain—as long as his competitive instinct remains alive—it will be very difficult for him to retire. Bruno is 100 percent wrestler. And although he may take it easy for a while, there are too many Ivan Koloffs and Lou Albanos around for him to hang up his tights.

We've got a hunch wrestling fans certainly haven't seen the last of Bruno Sammartino. □

Bruno looks over a recent issue of INSIDE WRESTLING shortly before he went into the ring to defend his championship against Ivan Koloff. Photo was taken outside his Madison Square Garden dressing room on that sad night.



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Above: Big Ed Miller rams his enormous foot into Pepper's head during bout in Boston several years ago. "I thought he kicked my brains out," recalled Gomez. Below: (left to right) Gomez, Cyclone Negro, referee, Tom Andrews and George Cannon receive instructions before the historic bout at San Francisco.

(Continued from Page 31)

as Verne Gagne, but under certain conditions."

The idolized Gomez went on to explain that he believes wrestling villains have very strong competitive spirits and thus a driving urge to win. "You could say they are afraid to lose," Pepper noted, "and therefore they'll do anything to win."

Pepper grinned as he explained how he had used psychology on Cyclone Negro. "Here is one of the toughest wrestlers in the

world and he was going to be my partner! I told him I would do everything within my power to help him when and if he got into trouble. At first he was skeptical. But when I said, 'Hey, Cyclone, I'll bet you $10 you can't win a fall without using one foul tactic,' he stared at me for several seconds without saying a word. Then his face flushed with a combination of anger and embarrassment as he grunted, 'I can and I will. You got a bet!'

"The way I see it," Gomez added, "if I can make a believer out of Cyclone, I can also do it with the Sheik, Ivan Koloff and even Killer Kowalski."

We must admit that the sight of Pepper Gomez and Cyclone Negro working as partners was a strange sight indeed. As a matter of fact, it wasn't even supposed to happen. But when the airplane carrying the Fabulous Kangaroos to their scheduled match against Gomez and his partner at the time, Pedro Morales (who later went on to win the heavyweight championship), was snowed in, and Morales was suddenly called to New York for personal reasons, the promoter was forced to make radical changes for his show. George "I am right" Cannon, manager of the Kangaroos, who had caught an earlier flight, agreed to team with Tom Andrews. But what about Gomez? Who would fill in for his missing partner Morales?

The only possibility was Cyclone Negro, who had nothing scheduled for that evening. It was a weird idea, but the show had to go on.

Negro agreed to fill in but it wasn't until he arrived at the arena that he found out who his partner would be. At first he refused. But then Gomez teased him into it with the $10 bet.

When the substitute pairings were announced the crowd was shocked. But when Negro began wrestling like an angel they were stunned. Cannon, who assumed that since he and Negro were birds of a feather he wouldn't be in any danger, was equally stunned.

"It was like wrestling somebody else," Cannon said afterwards. "If I didn't know Cyclone personally I would have thought they pulled in a ringer on me. He wrestled so clean it was disgusting!"

One incident in particular bothered Cannon. His partner had an armlock on Negro and looked like he was trying to tear it off. Cannon was waiting for one of Negro's tricks. He anticipated everything. Everything he anticipated was wrong. Negro did the unexpected. He got out of the hold via a neat backflip and spinning leg scissors.

"The bum," Cannon wailed. "Who ever thought he would try anything legal?"

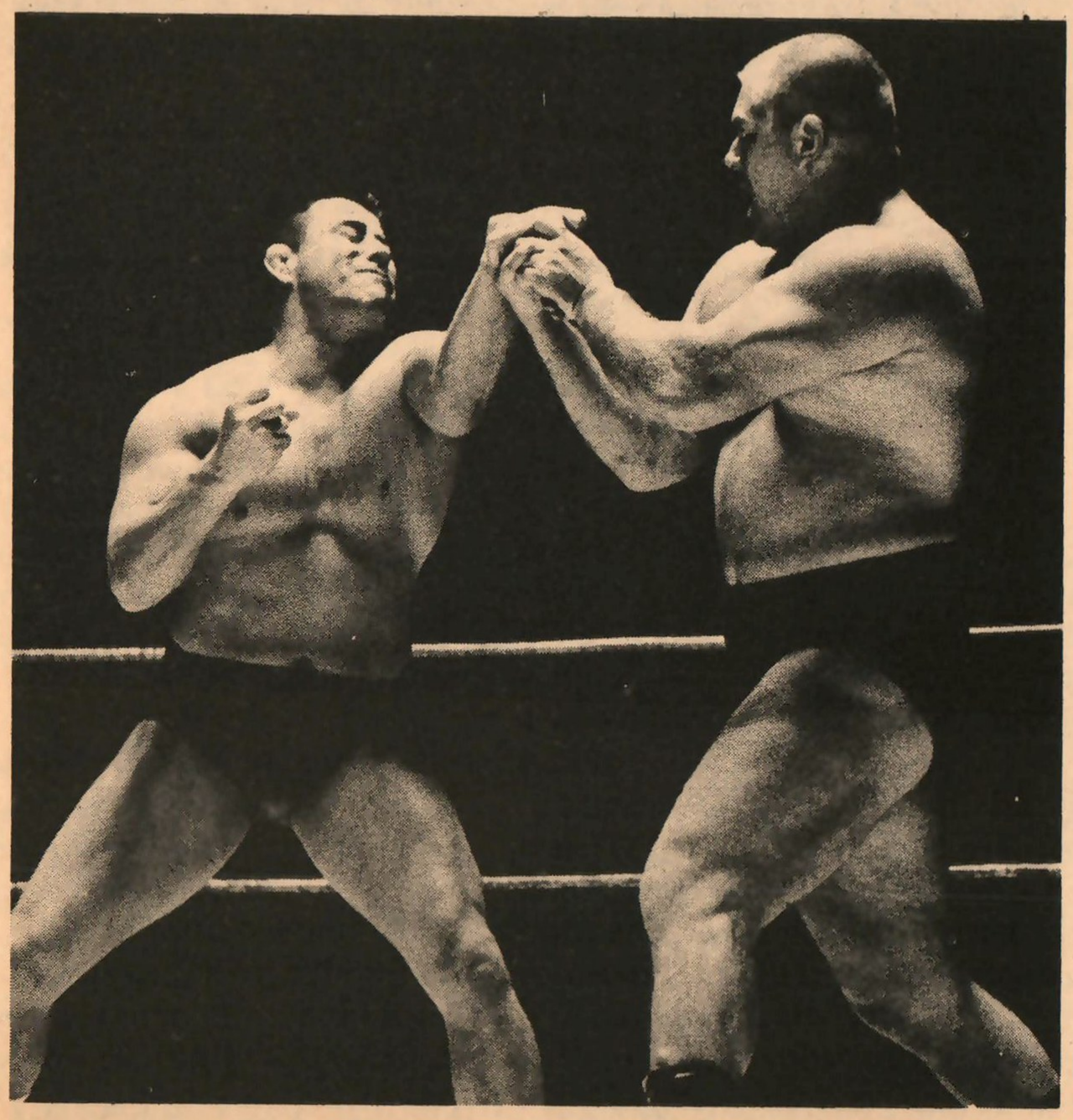
Meanwhile, Gomez was in all his glory as he and Negro cleanly polished off Andrews and Cannon.

"I was watching the fans' faces during the match," Pepper said. "It was like I was having my own private joke and nobody knew anything about it. They were stunned but I knew what was coming. Negro wrestled like he never did before. My theory was working."

But what did Negro think about the transformation.

"I still don't know," he said after the match. "It was scary. When it was over they held up my hand and Pepper's hand and the fans were cheering. It was terrifying. I've never been cheered like that in my whole life. There's an old family joke that the doctors even booed when I was born. It's quite a shock to be booed and hissed and jeered for your whole life and suddenly people are

(Continued on page 52)



Gomez threatens Bruiser with his fist in 1962 bout. Pepper singles out Bruiser as a prime example of a bad guy who turned good. "Bruiser is now a credit to wrestling," he says.

It takes a man with extraordinary power to catapult a giant like George Cannon across the ring, which is exactly what Pepper is doing here. Gomez weighs about half of what Cannon weighs.

PEPPER GOMEZ' AMBITION

(Continued from Page 51)

applauding you. I don't know if I like it or not."

But did he think Gomez could get other wrestlers to try it.

"Maybe," Negro said. "I gotta admit it was a unique experience—you know—being the good guy and all that. But there's no way I can see him getting someone like the Sheik to agree to it. You can't even talk to the Sheik to begin with. And Kowalski? Forget it. He'd probably stomp Pepper for even asking. I did it because it was an emergency situation. If I didn't they might have been forced to call off the show. Sure that bet made it interesting. It became like a challenge. But if Gomez pays out money each time he wants a partner to wrestle clean he'll go broke. If the circumstances were different I don't know if I would have done it myself.

"But the point is," Pepper said later, "that whether he knows it or not he learned something tonight. He learned that he can wrestle cleanly and win. He learned that people might not boo the name of Cyclone Negro for the rest of his life. And because he did wrestle like a gentleman and win he has to have more respect for himself. He can say to himself, 'I can do it.' Personally, I hope it will change his entire philosophy. I don't expect any overnight miracles—but give it time."

The idea seemed intriguing so we conducted our own poll, asking other wrestlers and managers what they thought of the incident and of Pepper's idea.

"My man always wrestles like a gentleman," said the Wizard, manager of the notorious villain Blackjack Mulligan. "Of course the referees are against him so they accuse him of foul and terrible deeds but he would never resort to doing anything against the rules."

It was obvious that we weren't getting anywhere with the Wizard so we tried the idea out on Ivan Koloff. His answer consisted of one word.

"Nuts!"

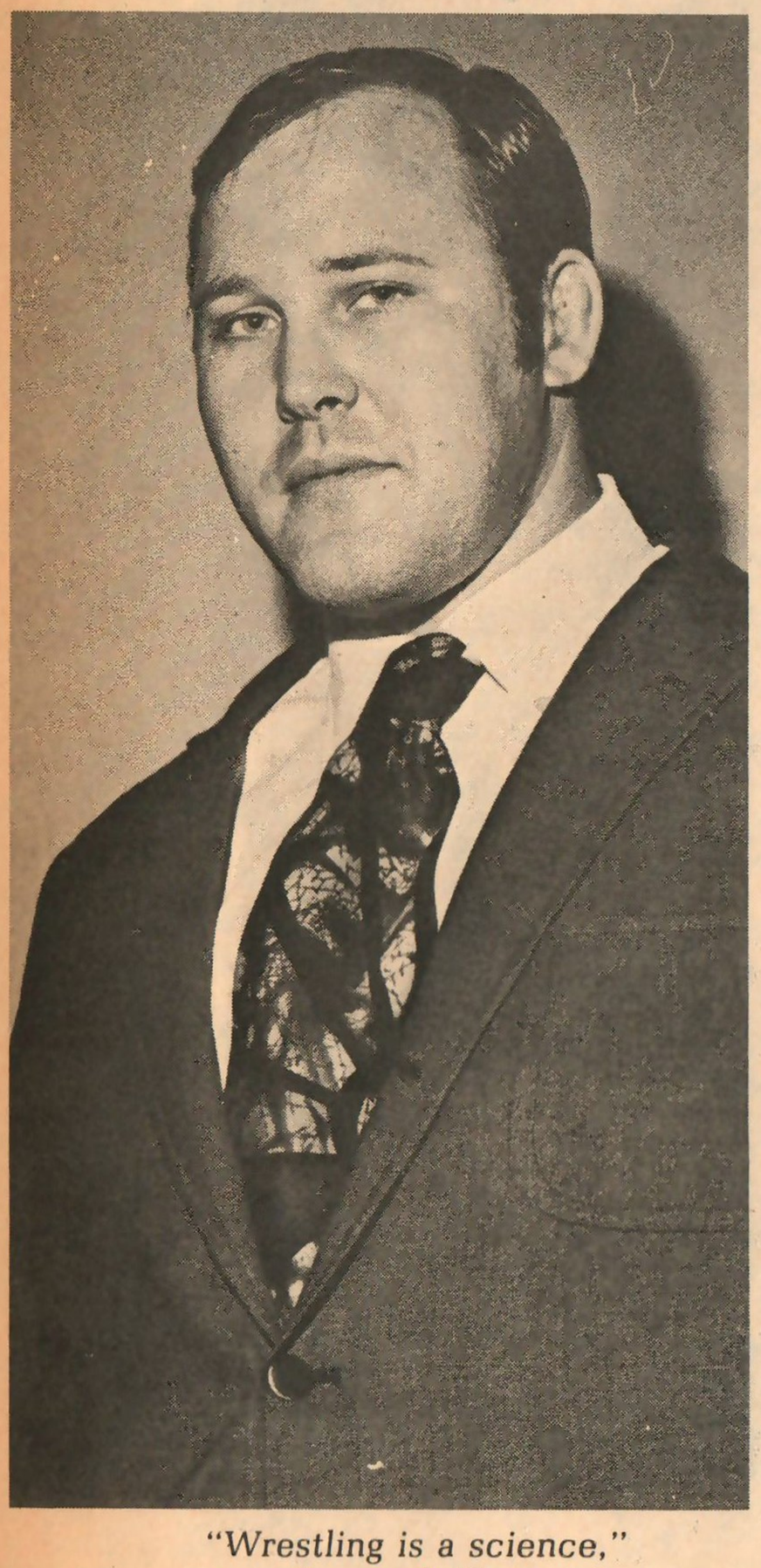
In a poll we took over the telephone only two of 25 wrestlers we contacted even gave the idea a remote chance of working. "You can't make a leopard change its spots" was the phrase we heard most often.

"Of course they'd say that," Gomez told us when informed of our poll. "I never said it would be easy. It wasn't easy for Cyclone and it won't be easy for anyone else.

"But deep down in my heart I know these guys want to be liked and they just never had the opportunity. So I want to give that opportunity to them. My offer still stands. Kowalski—the Sheik—Mulligan, I am ready to team up with all of you!" □

BOB RAMSTAND— EX-ROOKIE

(Continued from Page 41)



"Wrestling is a science," says Ramstad. "It requires study and complete dedication if one wants to make it big."

It is the fear of what could happen to him if he isn't constantly on guard and armed with an inside knowledge of what his opponents might do that keeps Ramstad writing in his little black book and using his tape recorder and taking films of certain bouts. It is a matter of life or death.

And who can blame him? Besides protecting his neck, Bob has his sights set on that movie career. But don't forget: that will come *after* he wins the heavyweight championship of the world. □

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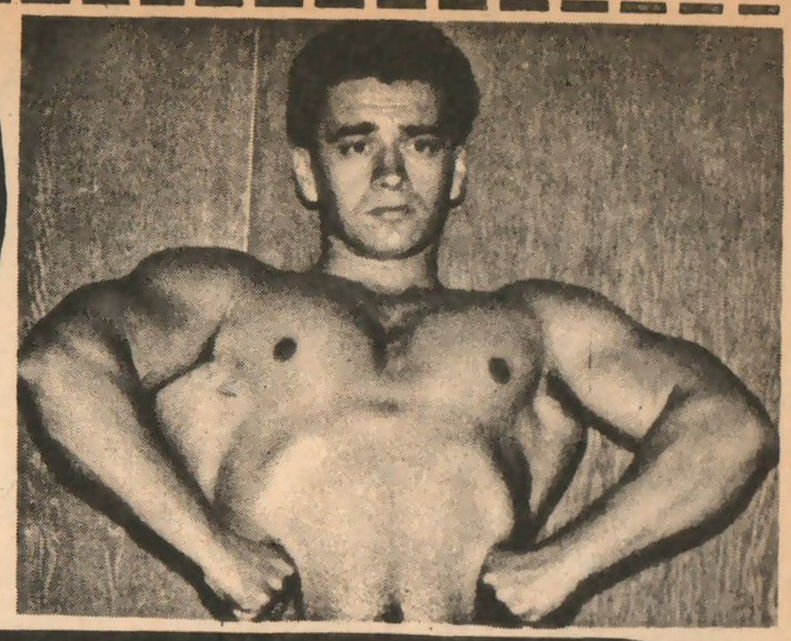

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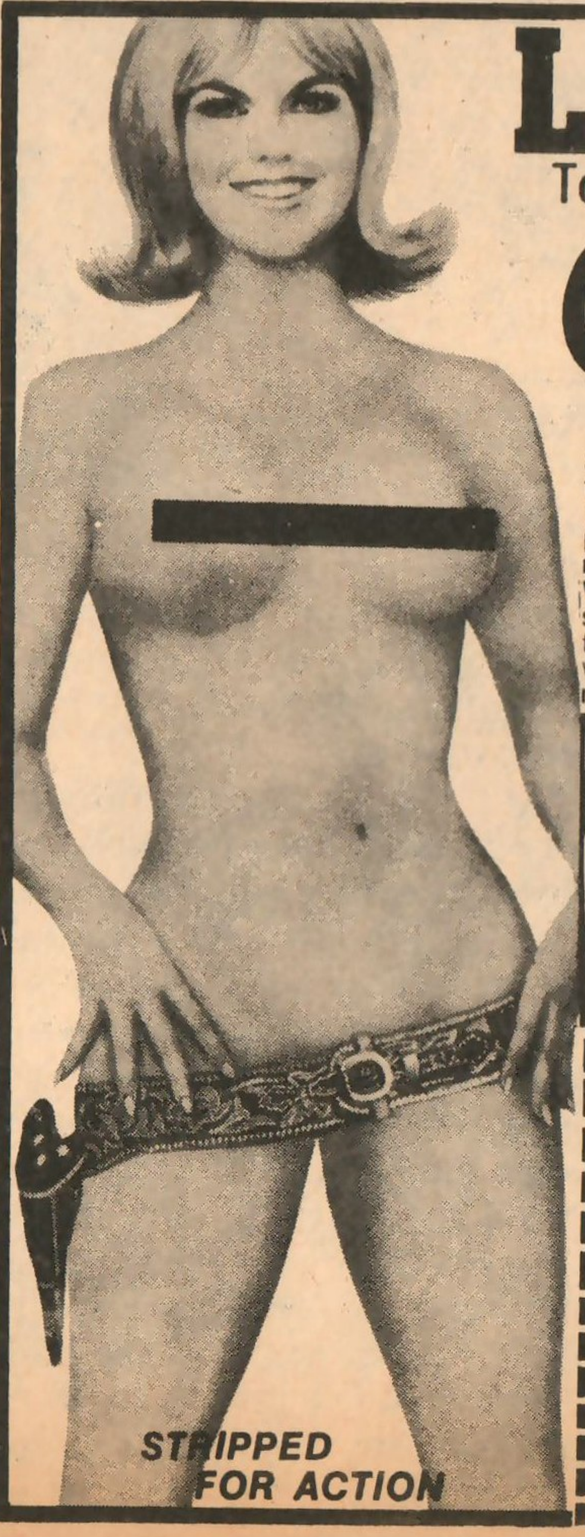

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HOW MARIA MADE VIVIAN A BELIEVER

(Continued from Page 21)

"Okay," he growled. "I'll match you with Jessica Rogers and Betty Niccoli. They're as tough as they come. Let's see what you can do against them!"

Vivian and Maria snapped at the offer. They had a week to get ready for the match and didn't waste time preparing for their tag team debut. The spent endless hours in the gym, trying to learn as much about each other as possible. How to work together as a team. How to anticipate . . .

The promoter was right. Jessica Rogers and Betty Niccoli were tough. They were mean. They were dirty.

It was a new experience for Vivian. She was used to dishing out punishment. But this time she was taking the kicks, the hair-pulling, the sharp fingernails in her flesh.

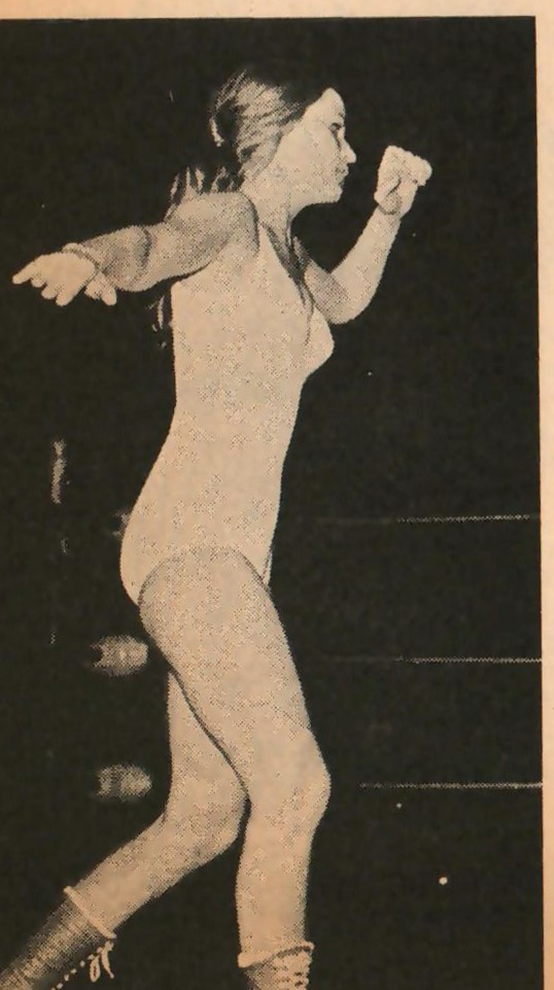
But she kept her cool. She didn't explode. Instead she waited for the right opening. And when it came, Vivian bounced off the ropes and hit Jessica Rogers with a vicious body block. This was followed by a series of punishing body slams and then a pin.

Maria had taken the first fall. Later, Vivian's pin sealed the victory.

The two joyous winners hugged each other as tears streamed from Vivian's piercing blue eyes. She had never felt such warmth in her whole life. And the crowd? It cheered itself hoarse in tribute to the *New* Vivian Vachon.

But how long will it last? When you've been as vicious a competitor as Vivian Vachon for so long it's impossible to draw any long range forecasts.

Maria LaVerne, proudly wearing her scarlet headband, which she calls, "A sign of our times," sits with Vivian Vachon prior to entering ring for bout against Betty Niccoli and Jessica Rogers.



Maria LaVerne, one of the most beautiful and superbly built girl wrestlers of all time, moves quickly out of her corner to face the onslaughts of Jessica Rogers in second fall of bout at Los Angeles.

Says Vivian, "I'll admit, it felt marvelous to hear people cheering me for the first time in my whole life. But I'm a realist," she added with a forced smile. "I know myself. I know my background, my struggle for existence. I can never forget all those terrible things. I can never forget that in this devilish world a person has got to fight for survival."

There was a long pause, then she continued, "I always wanted to be a Girl Scout, but I never had the chance. I still eat Girl Scout cookies. I love 'em. But it's only a dream. I know myself. I know that when somebody slugs me in the face I want to kill the slob! That burning drive is as much a part of me as my arms and legs. I can't control it. I just can't . . ."

Marie La Verne had been sitting by, listening quietly as Vivian spilled out her *Soul*.

"Now you'll be just fine," Maria said soothingly. "You just wait. You just keep on doing what you did out there in the ring tonight. You'll see. You'll make them keep cheering you. And that's a great feeling."

"I know," Vivian sputtered. "I know. I heard it tonight for the first time. I love it. It makes me feel good all over."

"What will happen?" you ask. Only time will tell. □

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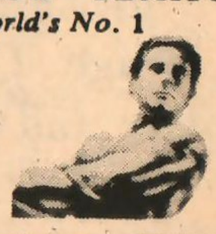

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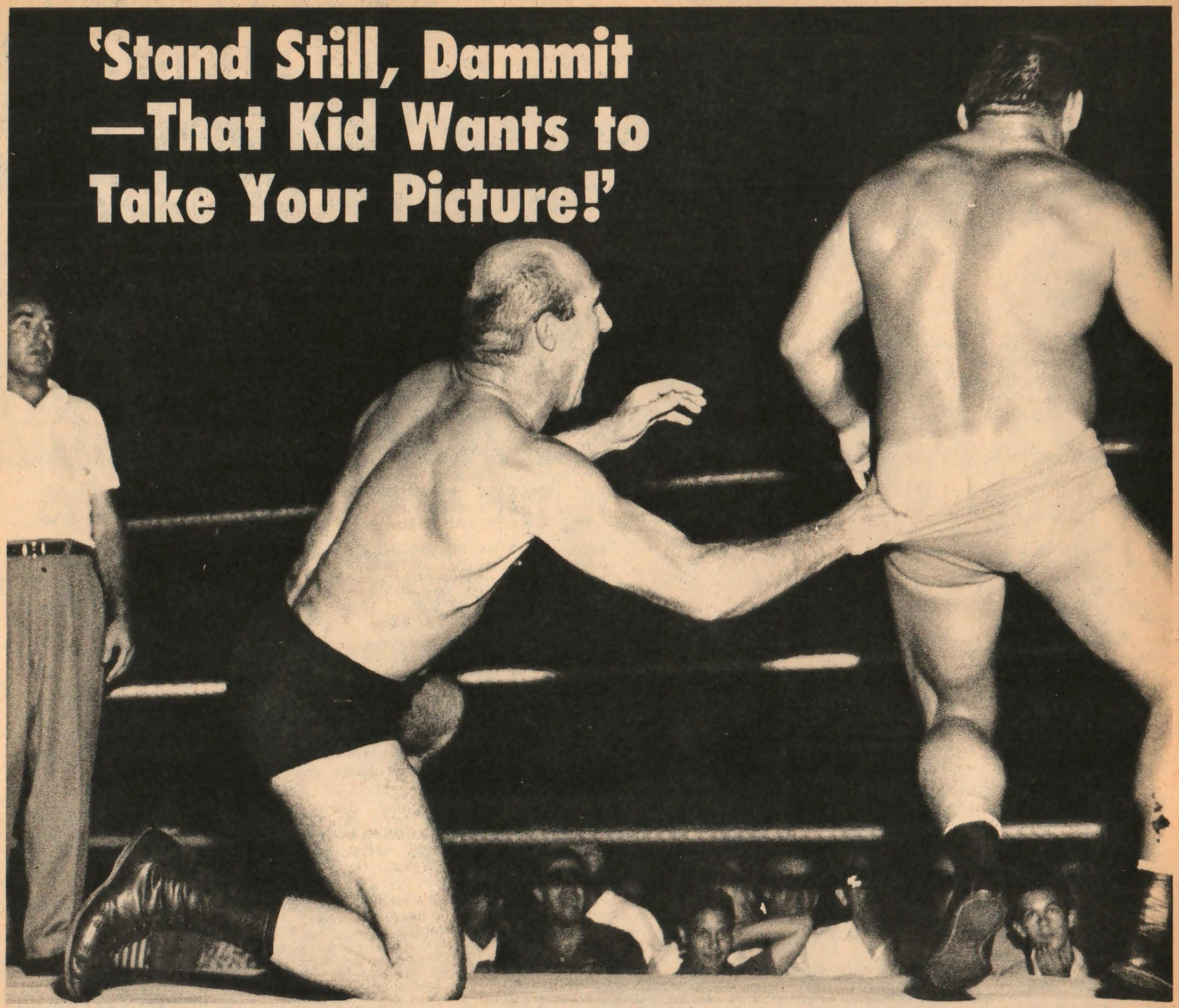
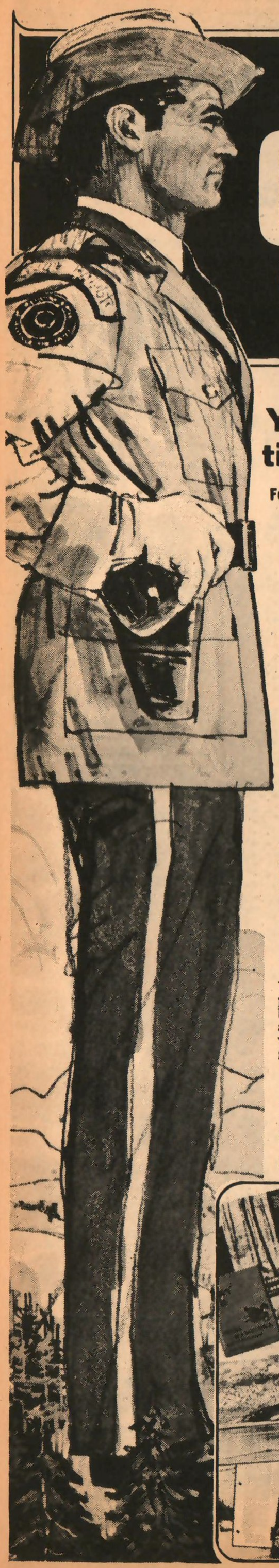
Canadians: J. Weider, 2875 Bates Rd., Montreal, Que.

'Stand Still, Dammit —That Kid Wants to Take Your Picture!'



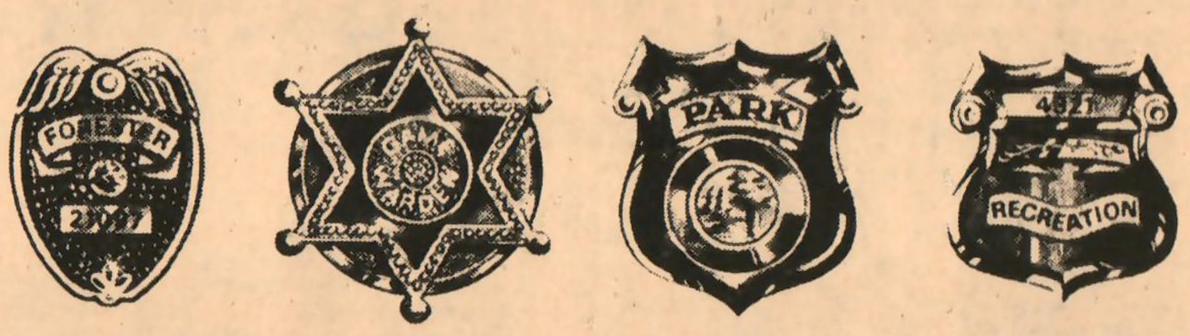
BULLET-HEADED Hans Schmidt is the kind of villain who provokes such bromides as: "He has a look that would curdle milk." Yet there was at least one occasion when he did somebody a favor—though, even then, he had an ulterior motive. It was during a bout with the Flying Frenchman, Edouard Carpentier, in Chicago. That night, the Frenchman was really flying and there was this kid, maybe 14 or 15 years old, trying desperately to get a shot of Ed. After a while, his flashbulbs started to annoy Schmidt. At one point, Hans waved a fist at the kid and snarled: "Cut that out, you stupid jerk —you're blinding me!" But the fledgling camera hound kept popping away and Hans kept burning up. Too busy chasing the somersaulting Frenchman, Schmidt didn't have time to bust that "stupid kid's" camera. The only thing he could hope to do was to grab the slippery Frenchman and hold him for just a second so that the kid could take his picture. Maybe that would satisfy the brat and he'd stop popping his flashgun. Hans tried every maneuver to nail Carpentier but Ed bounced all over the ring, dashing in occasionally to smash Schmidt in the gut or stagger him with a dropkick. The chase was wearing Hans down. Panting heavily, he stood near the ropes and, pointing with his finger, called Carpentier's attention to the kid. But Ed didn't understand. When the flashgun went off again, Hans went wild. He lunged at Ed and just managed to grab him by the pants. "Stand still, dammit!" he roared. "That kid wants to take your picture!" Ed stood still and the kid got his picture—but our man got a better one, from behind—with this result. □



Your choice of an exciting OUTDOOR CAREER is waiting for you—if you qualify.

Yes, we'll train you at home in your spare time for one of the 60,000 jobs waiting in...

Forestry... Game Law Enforcement... Recreation... Soil Conservation... Game and Fish Management... Park Management... Resource Management... Wildlife Management, etc.



These badges represent outdoor careers for which the National School trains you; not the official badges of any State, Federal or private conservation service.

WHY SPEND the best days of your life punching a clock in an office, store or factory? If you love the great outdoors, you can qualify for one of 60,000 exciting new jobs that are opening up, and . . .

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You can earn a good living—with rapid advancement and periodical raises based on seniority and performance. As a bonus, many jobs include free housing, uniform allowances, hospital insurance, pension plan, generous vacations with pay. And your pay checks come through regularly—good times or bad.

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This accredited train-at-home program has been created by experts in the fields of conservation and forestry. These men have years of on-the-job experience . . . and they share it with you . . . through every step of your training. You can even keep your present job as you learn at home . . . working at your own pace.

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Make no mistake, the man who wears the badge of a Forest Ranger, Game Warden, Recreation Officer, Park Official or any Conservation Officer is admired by women . . . respected by ordinary men. He is a man of action: qualified to rescue people in danger . . . to enforce our laws and protect our wildlife . . . to direct citizens in time of emergencies He often carries a pistol . . . and knows how to use it.

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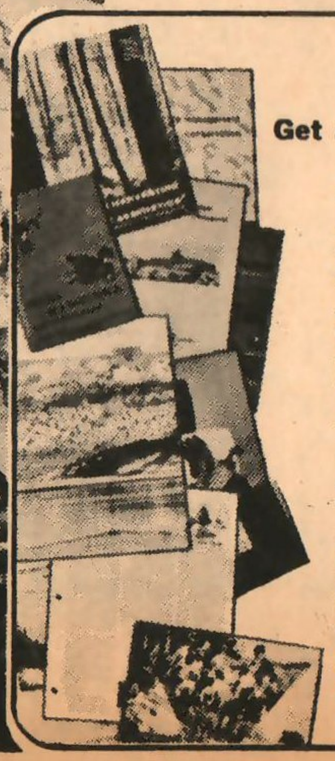
There are few careers that offer a man such exciting challenges . . . such rich rewards. But *a career like this can be yours* — even without a High School diploma. Get all the facts! Mail the coupon for your big Career Kit. It's FREE. National School of Conservation, 2000 P St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Dept. **7006N**

"In less than six years I have been a Conservation Aide, a Technician, and now I am a Supervisor. And I tell everyone who asks, I owe it all to my NSC training." *Larry D. Gano*, Salem, Oregon.

"While taking this course, I was with Champion Paper Company . . . now I am the owner of Bryson Pulpwood Yard, and doing my own forestry work."—*Mack Howell*, Bryson, N.C.

"As a result of taking the Forestry and Park Course, I have been placed as Ranger-In-Charge of the Hollow Field Area . . ."—*David E. Heck*, Park Ranger, Patapsco Valley State Park, Md.



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★ **CAREER GUIDEBOOK.** Handsomely illustrated book packed with facts about the adventurous life of a conservation worker.

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Without cost or obligation, please rush me the complete CONSERVATION CAREER KIT — FREE! This kit includes complete details on how I can qualify at home, in my spare time for an exciting career in the great outdoors. No salesman will visit.

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APPROVED FOR G.I.'S AND VETERANS

FC-18R

YOUR LETTERS

WE GOOFED ON EL MONGOL?

I'm really burnt up after reading your story about El Mongol, "Is This Man Really a Spy for Red China" (The Wrestler, March/71). First of all, how can a great guy like El Mongol have the time to spy when he spends most of his time in the ring and at his restaurant? You also indicated that he can't speak English. Man, are you wrong! I've spoken to him a hundred times and he speaks English as well as you or me. And how dare you say that El Mongol is a very unpopular wrestler? Ask any fan in Georgia and he'll tell you you're dead wrong! Wise up and give us the real story of El Mongol!

EL MONGOL FAN
Warne, North Carolina

DON'T BOUNCE THE LADIES!

First of all let me say that INSIDE WRESTLING and THE WRESTLER are really great, and that I'm shocked when I read there are people who dislike your articles about lady wrestlers. Face it, girl wrestling is here to stay and I hope that one day we'll be able to see the ladies box, too. I think it would be great if you included lady wrestlers in your fabulous "This is Your Life" series. Keep up the great work and let's see lots more of the girls!

IVAN H. BARNES
Yanderra, N.S.W., Australia

HATES GIRLS, LOVES DOGS?

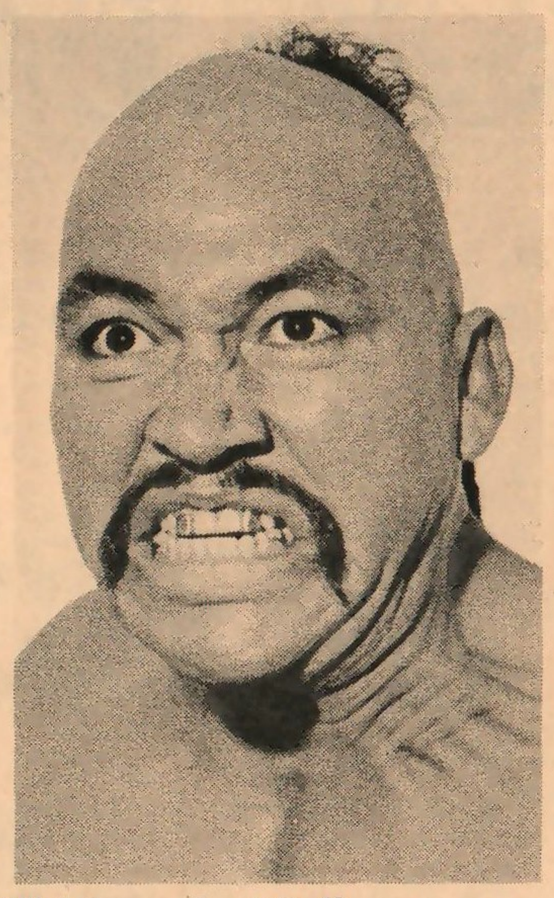
I can't understand you people. As long as you have a magazine devoted to Girl Wrestling why not strike them out of INSIDE WRESTLING and THE WRESTLER and devote more space to men like Bulldog Brower? Sure, Bulldog may be a villain, but he's loved by most fans. You always show pictures of him scowling and making ugly faces. He does smile on occasion, you know, and I think you should show this good side of him once in a while. Come on, Mr. Editor, give Bulldog a break!

ED POLES
New Rochelle, New York

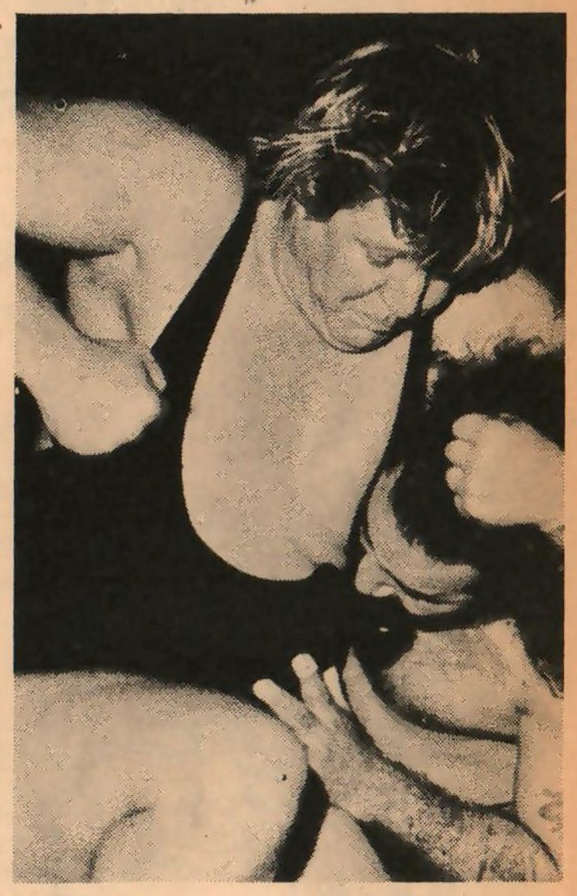
ANOTHER GUY WHO LIKES THE GALS.

Your recent story on beautiful Sharon Joy was fantastic. I had the pleasure of meeting her at my place of business and she is all the things you said she is. She even went so far as to take me along as her personal guest to see her wrestle. Thanks for the story, and I hope we'll have another one about Sharon real soon.

LARRY FUSARO
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



El Mongol—Well, you sure fooled us. But if you say so, it's okay by us!



Billy Spears—He asked for advice and, as usual, the fans poured out their hearts.

WANTS TO HELP BILLY SPEARS

I've just finished reading the Winter issue of INSIDE WRESTLING. It was just fantastic. I'm writing in reference to your article about Billy Spears titled "Please Help Me Make the Right Decision."

Billy was in this territory about two years ago and I got to know him pretty well. He was polite, friendly and he never passed anyone who asked him for his autograph. At that time Billy was a fine scientific wrestler. He never fouled anyone. But after disappearing for about six months he returned and his wrestling style was completely changed. However his manner, when I met with him later, had not changed in the least. Billy may have changed his style in the ring but outside he's still the same great guy.

MISS DEBBIE SANDLIN
Greer, South Carolina

MORE ADVICE FOR BILLY

Billy, I know that you became a villain because you were sick of the way guys like Nikita Mulkovitch took advantage of you. You shouldn't allow yourself to stoop down to their mentality. My advice is to wrestle clean until you're fouled and then give it back to 'em! But please don't go overboard and get yourself disqualified. Come back to us, Billy.

MARK MARKLEY
Seattle, Washington

NEVER BE BORED OR ALONE AGAIN!
Whenever you feel like it, just cuddle up to your own

LOVE DOLL

An amazingly life-like companion

a pleasure-filled 37"-23"-36"

"Judy"—the doll that's got it all!

The Original London Dolls!
More than 100,000 fully-satisfied users!
Beware of inferior imitations!

I was bored and lonely until I met JUDY and SUSAN. My friends were out of town. I had nothing to do. I was bored and lonely. Then I saw a LOVE DOLL ad in a magazine. I mailed in the coupon, not really expecting much. But when the package arrived—WOW! That's the night I met JUDY. We danced ... I pfacticed all sorts of new steps ... she followed me all the way. My new LOVE DOLL seemed so life-like I really felt I had a new friend. Then I decided to send for SUSAN, too. Wouldn't two be twice as nice as one? Soon SUSAN arrived and the three of us began to play. I danced with one, then the other, then both together! It was wonderful snuggling up to JUDY, but now it was twice as nice with two LOVE DOLLS to share my nights. Judy was made just for love. She's the original, talked-about LOVE DOLL from London. Her soft, "fleshy" vinyl skin seems almost real ... both girls seem almost to breathe as they faithfully await your commands. At cocktail parties, they're conversation pieces ... at home either one (or both) is fun, companionship and wild excitement. (You can even swim or shower with the bouyant beauties!) All 5'4" of each girl features the most life-like details available in an inflatable figure. You'll find the flexible, durable dolls entertaining, versatile, surprising and accommodating. Ride around town with Judy by your side and impress your friends. You need never be alone with Judy or Susan snuggled up next to you! Order your LOVE DOLL today. Judy or Susan come complete with Love-like adornments: a Peek-a-Boo Negligee, darling Bikini and silky hair wig are all included, if you order the SUPER LOVE PAK. And your LOVE DOLL is guaranteed to please or your money back! There are no strings, no hang-ups, no inhibitions—just unlimited pleasure when you have your LOVE DOLL by your side! Use the coupon to order now!

For Conversation • For Companionship **For Fun • For Excitement**

JUDY and SUSAN are the most taunting, tantalizing LOVE DOLLS around. And they're the **only** genuine London dolls! Order one or both (for double the pleasure)! Susan is Judy's Negro friend. Both dolls are 5'4" and measure a full 37"-23"-36"!

ONLY $9.95 LOVE DOLL

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If your LOVE DOLL does not give you complete satisfaction ... If you do not agree that she is more durable, prettier, more life-like than any other inflatable doll, simply return her within ten days. Your money will be refunded, no questions asked. Order now!

"Susan"—Negro Doll

FREE 10-DAY HOME TRIAL

LONDON SALES, Dept. JD-758
P.O. Box 7643, VAN NUYS, CALIF. 91409

☐ Send Judy ☐ Send Susan (Negro Doll)

Please rush my inflatable Love Doll(s) to me for a 10 day free trial. I must be 100% satisfied or my money will be refunded promptly.

☐ I enclose $9.95 + .95 postage for my LOVE DOLL.

☐ I enclose $16.95 + .95 postage for my LOVE DOLL AND SUPER LOVE PAK including BIKINI, Peek-a-boo NEGLIGEE and WIG ... etc.

☐ Blonde ☐ Brunette ☐ Black

PLEASE RUSH—I enclose $1.00 extra for special rush order.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 5% State sales tax.
Photos shown are the actual live models from which the dolls were fashioned.

SPECIAL 10% DISCOUNT WHEN ORDERING 2 or more dolls!

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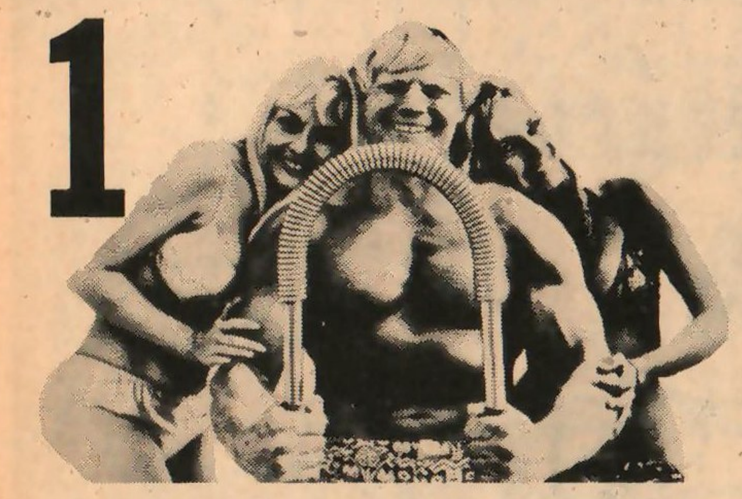
JOE WEIDER PRESENTS

THE TRIM MASCULINE

Here's where you shop for your "BODY SHAPERS FOR THE 70's"—to Shape You Up—to help You Lose Weight or Gain Weight—and create a more Masculine, Virile You!

1



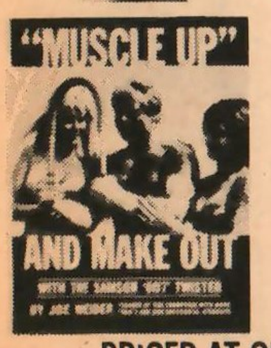
MUSCLE UP & MAKE OUT!

PUT MUSCLE IN YOUR MUSCLES WITH ONE TWIST!

Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a super-charged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough . . . durable . . . like *you'll* be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only **$9.98**

GUARANTEE: If after using the TWISTER 3 days you're not convinced you can quickly twist it for cobra-like muscles in your arms . . . more muscles on your chest . . . broader shoulders . . . wider back . . . a he-man grip and dynamic power—then return it after 5 days for a full refund. Fair? So order the "007" TWISTER **Now,** while the limited supply lasts! This unusual offer may not be repeated again this year.

FREE! Complete, illustrated "007" POWER TWISTER Manual. Also, illustrated conditioning course, dealing with the new aerobics training that muscularizes your body with athletic vigor, speed and agility. Written by Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions. Yours FREE with your TWISTER. ORDER NOW!



EXTRA BONUS GIFT: 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth $1.80 . . . yours FREE!

PRICED AT ONLY

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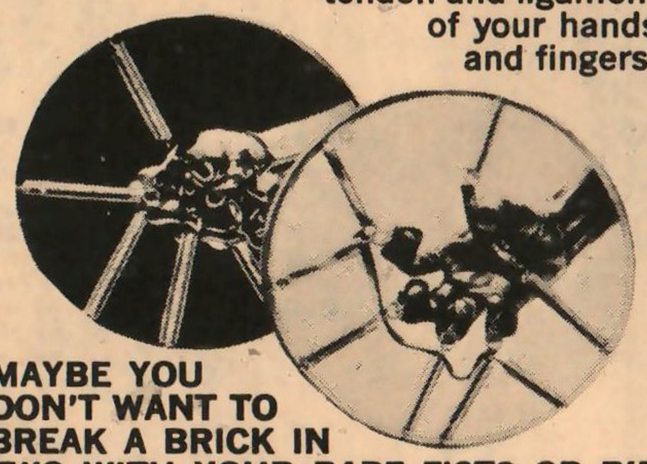
WITH COURSE

2 This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!



MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO BREAK A BRICK IN TWO WITH YOUR BARE FISTS OR RIP A PHONE BOOK IN HALF — BUT WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD?

Here's a brand new way . . . a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer Cults and a Space Age hand-building principle, my KILLER KARATE KRUSHER can make you into a two-fisted tank of power . . . able to take care of yourself . . . anytime . . . anywhere . . . in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only **$9.95** postpaid.

MY GUARANTEE TO YOU: You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation — IN 30 DAYS — or your money back!

GREAT FOR SPORTS, TOO! **FEAR NO MAN!**

FREE

My "Killer Karate" Course . . . "The Deadly Art of Hand Fighting." Shows dozens of ways to disarm and counter-attack any man, whatever his size! Yours FREE if you order the KILLER KARATE KRUSHER **Now!**

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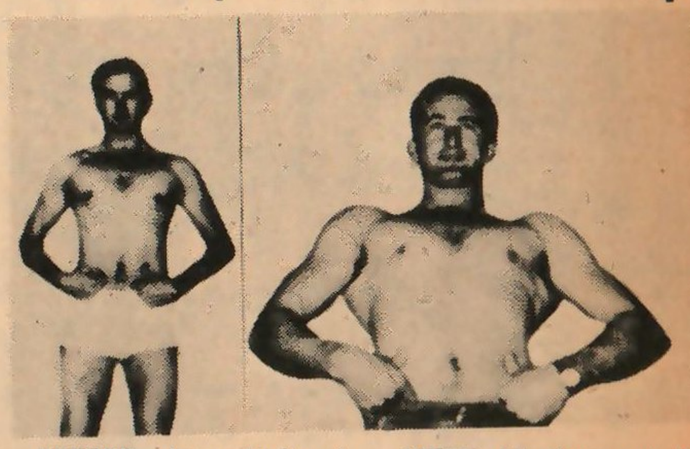
KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

3 THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds.

AFTER 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body . . . through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink. **Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan** puts meat on your frame. Fleshes out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a bag of bones! With my proven **Crash-Weight** Plan you just drink 4 milk-shake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily . . . to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) The nice thing about my **weight-gain plan** is that it's so easy to take. No complicated exercises to do. No bloating, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The **Formula #7 Plan** does all the work . . . you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want —and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. **Guaranteed to put weight on you or your money back.**

To add up to 14 pounds in the next 14 days you need:

- 14-day supply of **Crash-Weight Formula #7**
- 14-day supply of Appetite-Stimulating tablets, and

FREE Weight-Gaining Course. A 48-page illustrated guide crammed with step-by-step instructions in weight-gaining basics. PLUS 3 copies of Mr. America magazine, worth $1.80...yours FREE!

7-day supply: $8.00 • 14-day supply: $14.98

(Your choice of Chocolate or Vanilla flavor)

PRICED AT ONLY

$8.00

FOR A WEEK'S SUPPLY & COURSE

BODY LOOK FOR THE '70'S!

Your Good Looks—Your Health—Your Virility—are *Your* responsibility. So Start NOW to use one or more of these "Body Shapers For the 70's". Shake up your physical fitness program and Light Up the 70's!

4 The NEW aerobics

HOME FITNESS JOGGER

You'll Start to Look Better—Feel Better—Shape Up—Live Longer and be more Virile in the Next 14 Days!

ALL THE BENEFITS OF JOGGING WITHOUT LEAVING YOUR HOME!

6 minutes on the New Weider **AEROBICS JOGGER** gives you the same benefits as a 3-mile run. Or the equivalent of 4 hours or more of golf. Or a full hour's workout in the gym! Guaranteed to burn calories—melt fat—toughen your muscles—strengthen your heart and lungs—and virilize your body fast!

WHO EVER SAW A FAT RUNNER?

If you've held yourself back from getting the rich fitness-building benefits of jogging because you don't want nosy neighbors to stare at you or risk being nipped by unfriendly dogs, forget it! Now with Weider's New **AEROBICS HOME FITNESS JOGGER** you can jog for miles without ever having to step outside the comfort and privacy of your own home!

That's right. Just set the **AEROBICS JOGGER** on the floor in any part of your house, step on its easy-on-the-feet special spring cushion and jog away to your heart's content—and good health!

JOG YOURSELF INTO SHAPE IN JUST 6 MINUTES A DAY

One of the world's longest distance runners says 6 minutes of jogging on the **AEROBICS JOGGER** gives you the same benefit as jogging two miles! Just 3 minutes in the morning and 3 minutes at night helps **build healthy heart and lung action, relaxes tensions, tones muscles.** Besides that you'll **burn off fat-forming calories fast, flatten and toughen your mid-section, trim your hips and buttocks and slim down all over.**

You owe it to yourself to get back into virile, healthy shape this fast, scientifcally-proven way!

EASY TO STORE—MADE TO LAST

Weider's New **AEROBICS HOME FITNESS JOGGER** is scientifically-constructed with special coil springs nestled in a thick polyurethane cushion, designed to simulate the action of real road jogging. It's easy on the feet, too—like running on grass that acts as a "shock absorber" to the feet. It measures 20"x22"x4", is lightweight and stores easily in the smallest space. The sturdy hand strap on side makes it easy and convenient to carry with you on trips, vacations, etc. Order yours now! Ideal for gift-giving, too. Only **$9.95**

New Aerobic/Circuit Training "Shape Up" Routine

FREE!

Aerobic Fitness Jogger & Course

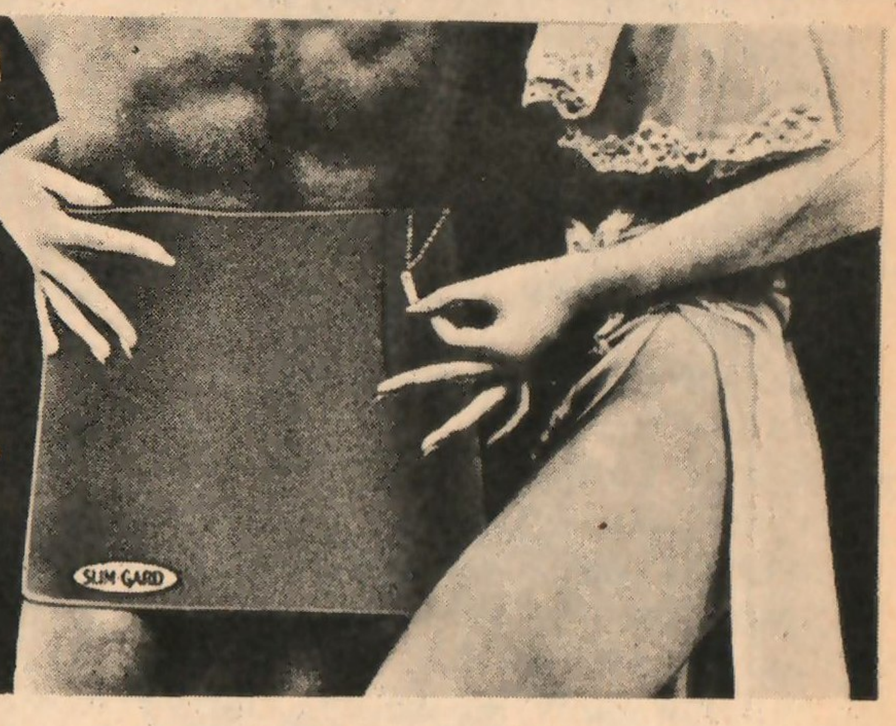
Same 6-minutes-a-day program you can use at home, which actors, movie stars, and models use to quickly Shape Up and Firm Up their bodies into youthful, virile, he-man lines. ALSO INCLUDES: techniques to help your body utilize your food intake more efficiently and keep you sleek and slim all your life—as well as strengthen your heart and lungs. Indoor and outdoor methods explained. How much and how often to jog. How to measure benefits received . . . everything you need to know about jogging is here. You're guaranteed visual results in just **2 weeks or money back.** Tested by thousands—including U.S. Air Force. START NOW TO SHAPE UP—SLIM DOWN—and VIRILIZE YOUR BODY!

***For faster waist and hips losses—see inches go fast—wear SLIM GARD while jogging.**

$9.98

5 Another JOSEPH WEIDER Breakthrough!

Slim Down & Make Out with JOE WEIDER'S SLIM·GARD THE INSTANT SLIMMER



Just slip on Joe Weider's New "Science Weapon", **SLIM GARD** and instantly start trimming your waist and hips to a sexy-slim size—without dieting—without tedious exercise!

And when combined with the "Slimmer's Routine" **SLIM GARD** can really flatten your pot belly and "pulverize" unwanted fat away from all over your body! **Here's Proof:** In a controlled University test, students reported waist losses of up to 3¼ inches and overall fat losses of 17 pounds—**IN ONLY 2 WEEKS!** They called it a "small miracle" the way it worked so fast!

Yes. **SLIM GARD** has really revolutionized weight reducing. Men everywhere are regaining their youthful, virile appearance by wearing it under their clothes and letting it work for them as they sit, stand, walk, run, bend, eat, watch TV or relax. It turns the simplest body movement into a waist-trimming exercise **without effort.** It can work "miracles" on your waistline, too.

And remember, **SLIM GARD** is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . **SLIM GARD's** secret is its gentle but firm "hugging action that keeps warm air in—cool air out, trimming inches effortlessly away!

SLIM GARD and the **"Slimmer's Routine"** work effectively for the fat or slender man. Simple instructions are included for the man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 40 pounds . . . and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches off his waist without losing weight.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . except the inches that go. You're guaranteed impressive results in 14 days or your money back!

FREE! THE SLIMMER'S ROUTINE

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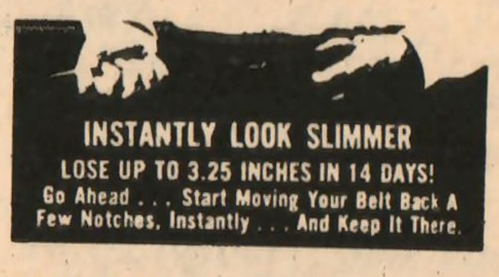

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CORRESPONDENT REPORTS

(Continued from Page 47)

as ever. However, Brower's toughest match will come when he faces Pedro Morales in Boston. These two have been feuding for years and now they're in each other's backyard. As Brower told TV's Bill Cardille, "I'll pulverize him and put him on a banana boat to send him back where he came from!" Incidentally, Brower's contract has been purchased by manager Lou Albano. Albano is determined to make Brower the next champion.

Chief Strongbow has been unable to earn an undisputed win over Yvan Koloff. They've grappled all over the east coast and the Chief keeps winning—but by disqualifications. Strongbow told our reporter, "All I want is the satisfaction of pinning that big ape in the middle of the ring. Maybe that'll make his idiot manager Lou Albano shut his trap!"

THE MINNEAPOLIS MAT
By Al Lopez

Wrestling is booming in Minneapolis as top wrestlers are appearing on cards promoted by Wally Karbo. On a recent program, Red Bastien and the champion of Spain, Hercules Cortez, teamed against "Pretty Boy" Larry Hennig and "Luscious" Lars Anderson. Cortez and Red won the first fall when Hercules caught Lars in a deadly backbreaker—capturing the first fall. That really burnt Lars up. So in the second fall, with the aid of Hennig, Anderson overpowered Bastien and pinned him. Now the bout was even at one fall apiece. As soon as the bell rang for the deciding fall, Anderson and Hennig ran over to the opposite corner and dragged Bastien over to their side. They double-teamed Red and pinned him to win the match. But it wasn't over yet. When Red and Hercules tried to leave the ring they were attacked again by Hennig and Anderson. But this time they were ready and made a bloody mess of the Pretty Boys.

AWA Champion, Verne Gagne, must defend his title against Kobayashi within 30 days or he'll be stripped of his title. So far, the Japanese star has won a 12-man Battle Royal and has been victorious over such greats as Pepper Gomez, Ivan Kalmikoff and Edouard Carpentier. The AWA feels Verne has been dodging Kobayashi and now he's gotta face up to him. Gagne's busy getting in shape for this one.

NEBRASKA MAT NEWS
By Jaye I. Huey

A fantastic match took place recently when Stan Pulaski put his Midwest title on the line against The Claw. Pulaski took the first fall in just 37 seconds with his paralyzing "Kung Fu" nerve hold. The Claw managed to come back and cop the second fall by using a UFO (Unidentified Foreign Object) and several deadly karate thrusts. In the third fall Pulaski opened up and really battered The Claw. Rock Rogowski, Claw's sometime tag partner, was sitting at ringside and as soon as he smelled trouble he signaled Rogowski to come over and talk to him. When the referee tried to break up the conversation he was pushed out of the ring by The Claw and fell to the floor, unconscious. Rogowski then ran into the ring and together with The Claw demolished Pulaski. By the time the referee recovered, Rock was back in his seat and Claw was draped over Pulaski. Seeing this, the stunned and confused official counted Stan out and the match was given to Claw-along with the Midwest title!

The exact opposite took place when former World Champ, Pat O'Connor wrestled Reggie Parks on the same card. After 20 minutes, Pat missed Parks with a dropkick and injured his leg. The former champ squirmed in agony on the mat, unable to move. So the referee halted the match and gave it to Parks. Being the good sport he is, Reggie refused to accept victory under the circumstances and told the officials and fans to regard the bout as a draw.

Other results: Claw defeated John Gudaski. Jack Pesek won over Frank Hickey. Killer Cox downed Dave Kox. Reggie Parks won over Don Drummer. Billy Red Cloud upset Rock Rogowski. Benny Rameriz was victorious over Steve Bolus. Verne Gagne defended his title against Big John Lee. Spike Jones fell victim to The Claw.

CALIFORNIA WRESTLING
By Larry Barnhizer

The team of Mil Mascaras and Ray Mandoza lost a highly disputed match to Mr. Saito and Bob Ramstad at Olympic Auditorium. After each team had taken a fall, Mascaras dumped Ramstad and Saito out of the ring. Mil then proceeded to take Saito by the hair and drag him back into the ring while Ramstad remained outside. The surprised Japanese ace was made the victim of Mil's spectacular flying body blocks. Mascaras delivered two and the fans yelled for another. As Mil backed into the ropes, setting himself to deliver another block, he was tripped by Ramstad.

Mil fell to the mat with a resounding thud and Siato ran over and applied a body press—pinning Mascaras! Mandoza and the Masked Man tried in vain to tell the referee, who was looking elsewhere at the time, what had really happened. But the victory went to Siato and Ramstad.

Paul DeMarco and his manager, Dr. Ken Raimey, made their Modesto debut recently and almost touched off a major riot. DeMarco was pitted against popular Pepper Martin, who won the first fall with a reverse shoulder press. DeMarco wasted no time winning the second fall. Before the bell rang for the third fall, Raimey went into the ring to talk with his man. Then he approached Martin, who was busy catching his breath, and started to kick him.

The fans went absolutely wild and started to storm the ring to get at Raimey. The police moved in and escorted the manager back to the dressing room. Because of Raimey's vicious attack it was easy for DeMarco to pin Pepper in the deciding third fall in less than one minute.

Cow Palace: Billy Graham and Pat Patterson downed Ray Stevens and Prince Maivia. Antonio Parisi and Rocky Johnson beat Great Pampero and Shibuya, while Pepper Martin downed Terry Garvin.

Sacramento: Ray Stevens beat Brutus. Patterson and Graham lost to Maivia and Rocky Johnson. Antonio Parisi stopped Kinji Shibuya; Paul DeMarco pinned Jerry Monti. □

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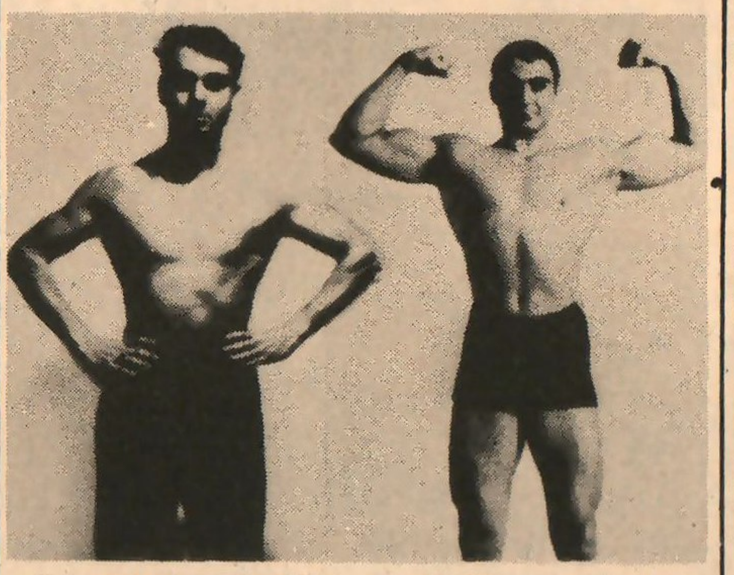

Photo of Mr. Jack Seiler Before Starting Telepander Training Program

Mr. Jack Seiler After Telepander Training Chest: 46" Biceps: 16" Calves: 14" Thighs: 25"

25 TO 40 YEARS

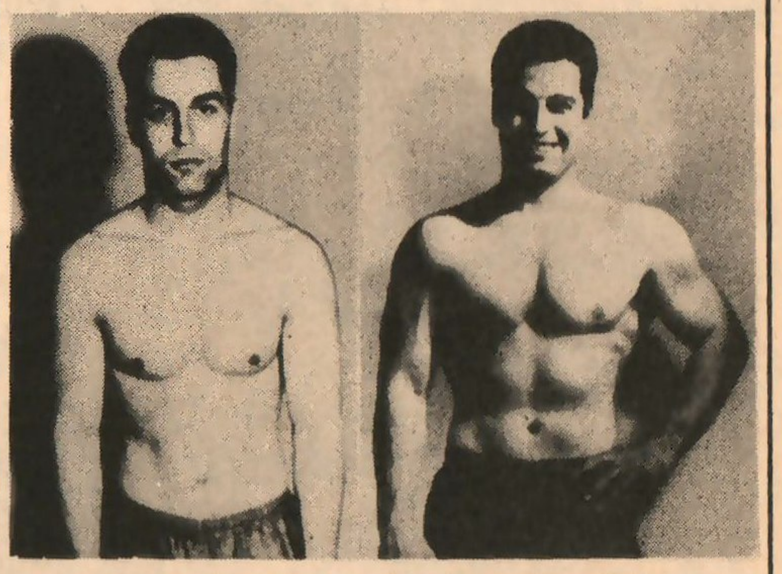

Photo of Mr. J. Ullman Before Telepander Chest: 38½" Biceps: 13" Calves: 13½" Thighs: 20"

Mr. J. Ullman After 35 Days of Telepander Training Chest: 43½" Biceps: 15" Calves: 14½" Thighs: 23"

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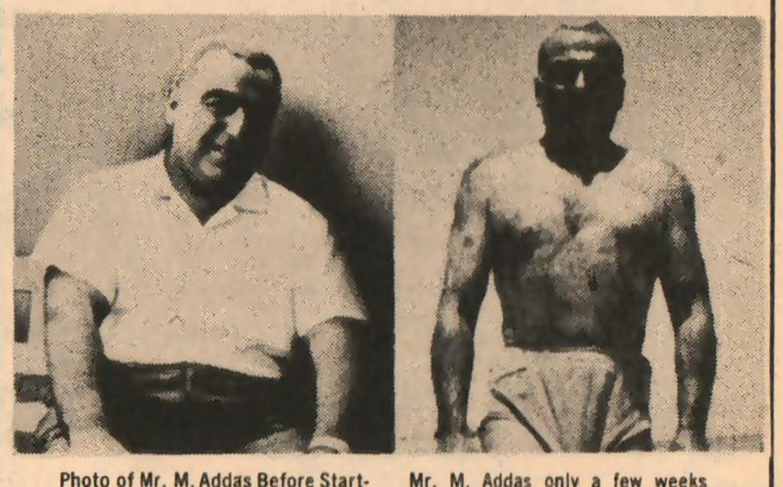

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BLOOD BRAWL

(Continued from Page 33)

wrestlers, was fairly peaceful. Of course there was the usual amount of mayhem but nothing extraordinary happened—certainly nothing that would give warning of what was to come.

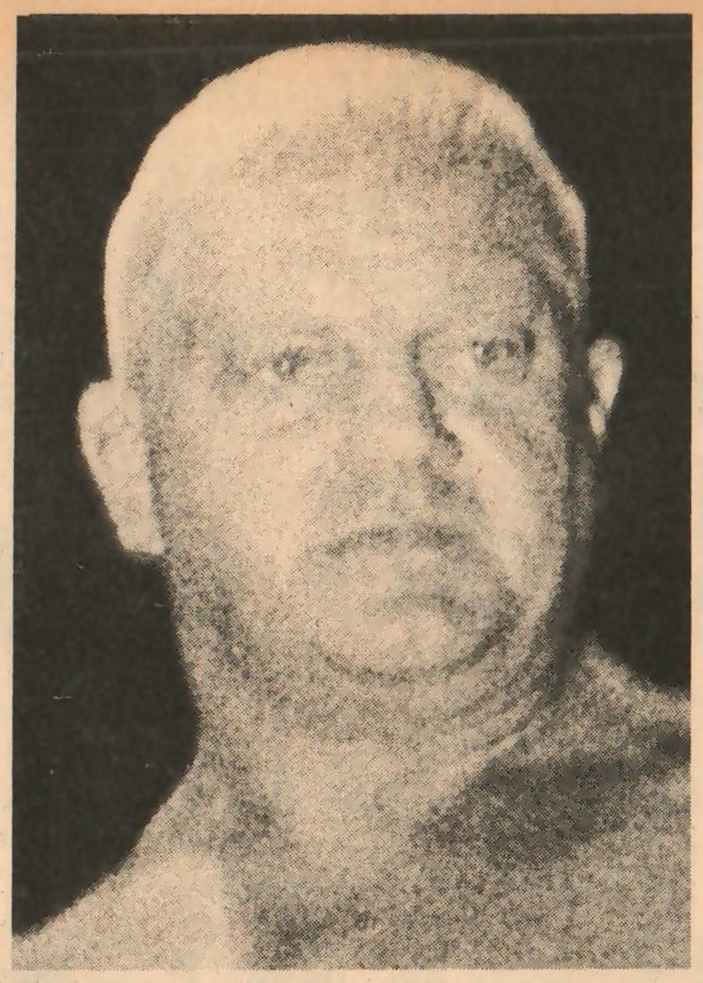
Bruiser had much the best of things despite Heenan's disregard of the referee when told to remain outside the ring unless tagged. And after about eight minutes, the Bruiser took the first fall from Lanza with a "knee-bomb" off the top rope.

Bruiser was going along smoothly in the second fall while Heenan was getting more than he bargained for. But each time Bruiser tried to pin Bobby, Lanza would sneak in from outside the ropes to pull Bruiser off. As Heenan crawled beneath the bottom rope to get away from Bruiser, a beer bottle came flying out of the crowd and cut Bobby's cheek. This distracted Bruiser momentarily—and while his back was turned, Lanza grabbed him from behind to take the second fall.

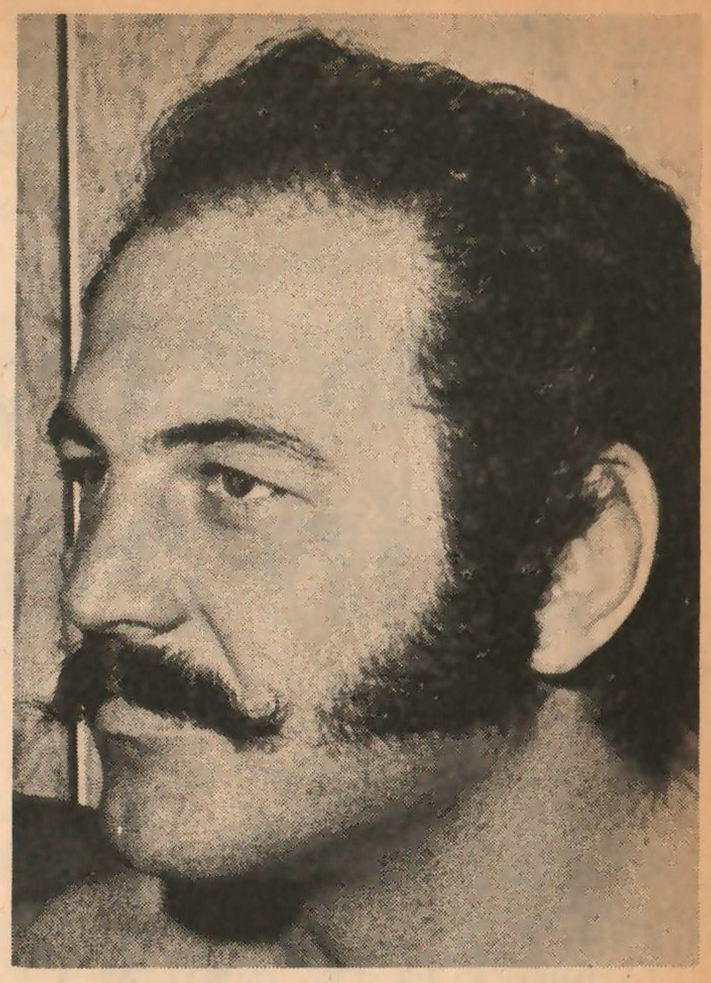
Seething for revenge, Bruiser had to be restrained in his corner until the bell for the third fall rang. When it did, he charged madly across the ring into his opponent's corner. It was a mistake!

Bruiser got out of the corner—but with a long gash in his forehead. Holding his head to stop the blood, he rolled out of the ring. He came up behind Lanza and Heenan, in their own corner, after seemingly stooping to pick something up off the floor. Vaulting over the ropes, he grabbed Heenan in a headlock and smashed his fist into Bobby's face.

Blood seemed to spurt from 20 different openings on Heenan's face, which was now a mass of cuts and bruises. Lanza wasn't spared either. Bruiser, still bleeding badly from his own cuts, grabbed Blackjack in the corner and, with his back to the referee, began working him over. When they emerged from the corner, Lanza, too, was bleeding fiercely.



"It certainly wasn't me who did it," says Bruiser.

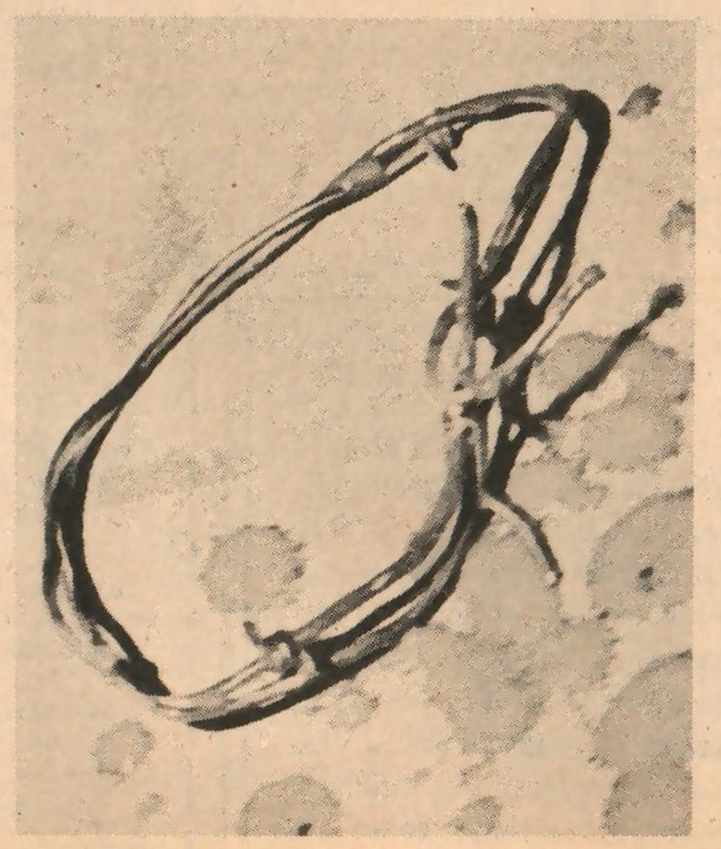


"I don't need any barbed wire to win," said Lanza.

It appeared as if a riot would break out as another beer bottle came crashing into the ring. Wisely, the referee disqualified all three wrestlers. In the dressing rooms, the ring physician had to do emergency surgery.

Heenan's face looked like chopped meat. More than 34 stitches were taken. Bruiser had a 14-stitch head wound almost down to the bone, while Lanza was gashed over both eyes and on his nose.

Heenan and Lanza claimed that Bruiser had used a piece of barbed wire. How else, they asked, could they have been cut up so badly?



The deadly piece of wire which nobody will admit bringing into the ring.

Bruiser, too, claimed he had been the victim of barbed wire, further claiming that he saw Heenan wrap it around his fist just before Lanza trapped him in the corner.

Neither would admit using barbed wire. Yet, as our photographer discovered, a piece of it was lying there in a pool of blood below the ring!

The referee claimed he didn't know if wire had been used and that he had stopped the bout because of "All that blood."

Did one of the wrestlers bring barbed wire into the ring? Was it thrown in by a fan? Did it just happen to be lying on the floor—left over from some last minute construction job? Did any of the wrestlers really use so deadly a weapon?

Nobody has the answers to any of these questions—not yet, anyway. But the wire has been turned over to the Commission and films of the match are now being examined. Our reporters are tracking down many of the ringsiders who were present that night for their eyewitness accounts.

The Illinois Wrestling Commission has promised swift punishment when and if the truth is found out. And you can be sure that the results of our investigation will be made public. □

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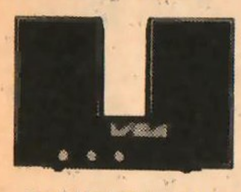

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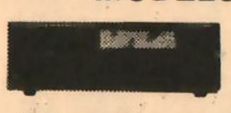

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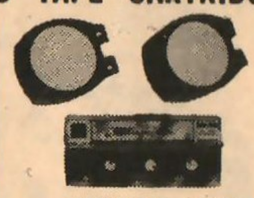

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To guarantee your continuing interest, the equipment must be fine enough to give you brilliant high fidelity performance over many years of trouble-free service. That's why we give you our STEREOMATIC unit FREE. It's premium equipment. The best. We know you will be delighted. That's why we are willing to send it to you at no risk or obligation on your part. If you like it, KEEP IT. It's yours FREE just for buying stereo tape cartridges you would want to own anyway. If not, return it and your membership is cancelled. You pay nothing and owe nothing. To take advantage of this fabulous new membership offer, complete the coupon and mail now.

SEND NO MONEY • JUST MAIL

Stereo Tape Club of America
8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069

Please enroll me as a member and send the FREE Stereomatic 8-track tape cartridge player checked below.

- ☐ **HOME SYSTEM** (speakers $29.95)
- ☐ **HOME PLUG-IN** (no speakers)
- ☐ **AUTO SYSTEM** (speakers $11.98)

Also send the 6 stereo tape cartridge albums I am buying now to start my membership. (Select 6 from list, print numbers below.)

Bill me for these, plus shipping and handling charge. I may pay in 3 monthly installments if I wish. If I am not 100% satisfied, I may return player and cartridges in 10 days and my membership will be cancelled. I owe nothing.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone _____ Area Code _____

Credit References _____

Military: Include serial number, military address and home address with application.

Credit card: Charge above order to my credit card.
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge ☐ Amer. Express
Acct. # _____ ☐ Diners Club

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS: (check one)
☐ Popular ☐ Rock & Folk ☐ Show & Classical

In addition to the 6 cartridges I am buying now to start my membership, I agree to purchase a cartridge a month during the coming year at the regular club price, plus postage and handling. (Albums you'll want to buy anyway; thousands to choose from.)

SIGNATURE (REQUIRED) **H602-1**

A man's wig for a man's world! The minute you get it... It's ready to wear.

Slips on in seconds — stays on all day. Nothing new to learn — if you can put on a hat you can put on this wig – easily, perfectly.

Looks like real hair — feels like real hair — no one can tell — already trained to stay in place (without hairdressings). Looks like your "hair was just combed" all day — everyday. 100% modacrylic fiber that's easier to care for than your own hair.

Your new good looks guaranteed or your money back in 10 • days — no questions asked – you be the judge.

Comes in 8 "natural" colors — Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Dark Blonde, Medium Blonde, Dark Red, Medium Red.

GUY

VITTORIO

Specially priced at

$19.95 each

You save $20

The Wigmakers, Dept. A-SPG-5-6 Neptune, N.J. 07753

Please send me, on a money back guarantee the wigs in the colors and styles selected below. It must be exactly as shown and described or I may return it in 10 days and get my money back.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

VITTORIO
Color_____

GUY
Color_____

☐ I enclose full amount $_____
☐ I enclose $2 Good Will deposit. I will pay postman balance plus post office and handling charges.

A "BEATING-UP" TURNED THIS WEAKLING INTO A CHAMP!

Charles Atlas "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

One night a frail 97-lb., 15-year-old youth was making his way home through the tough waterfront section of New York City. Suddenly, without warning, a brutal hoodlum loomed up out of the dark, and beat him senseless. That night the young man made a solemn vow: *"Never will I let any man hurt me again."*

The years ahead were to prove how well he kept that vow! For the name of that skinny youth was Charles Atlas – and he lived to become internationally famous as "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," performing feats of strength that amazed the whole world!

The day after that beating, Charles Atlas began trying every exercise he had ever heard of. Then one day, visiting New York's famed Bronx Zoo, he asked himself: "How does the *tiger* keep in physical condition? You never see *him* with a barbell!"

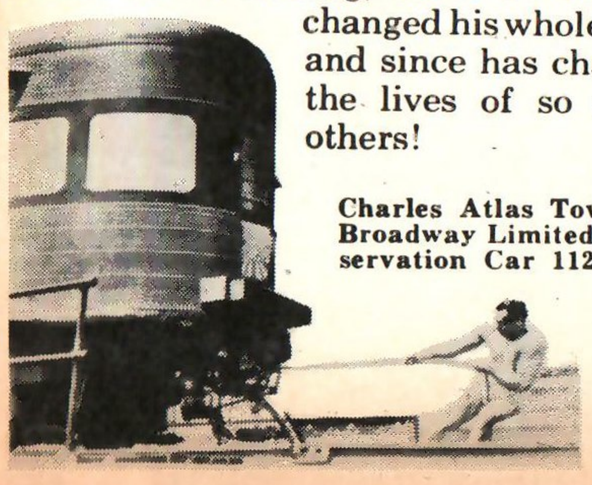
Atlas Discovers the Secret!

He saw how the tiger exercised by stretching its muscles, one against the other. From this, he worked out the amazing "Dynamic-Tension" system of muscle-building that was to make him famous.

Within 12 months, Atlas had doubled his weight. He decided to help all weak, underdeveloped men who suffered as he had. So he made his amazing secret of *"Dynamic-Tension"* – the system that uses no weights or apparatus – available to men all over the world. Thousands have benefited from his remarkably effective system.

And, as the fame of Charles Atlas spread, he was challenged to perform many thrilling feats of strength. Once he pulled six automobiles, chained together, for a mile. Another time he towed a *72½-ton railroad car* 112 feet along the tracks with a rope!

A far cry from the days of that 97-pound weakling who sobbed his way home after a beating, made a vow that changed his whole life– and since has changed the lives of so many others!



Charles Atlas Towing Broadway Limited Observation Car 112 ft!

I Take OLD Bodies and Turn Out NEW Ones!

Check the Kind of NEW BODY You Want RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW . . . and I'll Show You How EASILY You Can Have It!

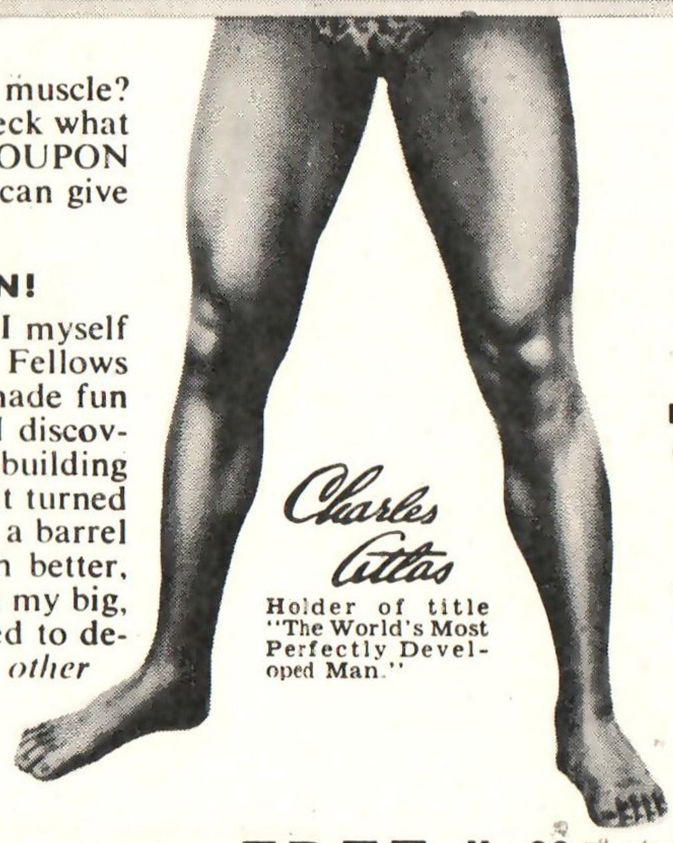
I'M NO MAGICIAN. Making healthy and handsome HE-MEN out of weaklings – turning "skin and bones" or flabby fat into SOLID MUSCLE – is simply my job. But my secret *does* work like "magic."

Do you want broader shoulders – a magnificent "barrel" chest – more powerful arms and legs – a mid-section lined with solid-as-steel muscle? It's all waiting for you. Just check what you want – RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW. I'll show you how I can give it to you!

ARE YOU
Skinny, Weak and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Fat and flabby?
Want to lose or gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

From "Mouse" to MAN!

You wouldn't believe it but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "SKINNY." Girls made fun of me behind my back. Then I discovered my remarkable muscle-building secret – *"Dynamic-Tension."* It turned me from a "bag of bones" into a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much *on top of the world* in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping *other* fellows change themselves into *"perfectly developed men."*



Charles Atlas
Holder of title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Prize Trophy Given Away
Be the envy of friends! Win handsome trophy, over 1½ feet high!

"Dynamic-Tension" Works *Fast!*

My secret – *"Dynamic-Tension"* – is the NATURAL easy method you can practice right in the privacy of your own room – JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY – while you build up SOLID MUSCLE in all of the RIGHT PLACES – gain the kind of handsome and healthy build that women admire and men respect.

I give you no gadgets or contraptions. You simply use the SLEEPING muscle-power in your own body almost unconsciously every minute of the day – walking, bending over, even sitting at your table or desk!

FREE My 32-Page Book is Yours Not $1.00 or 10¢ – But FREE

SEND NOW for my book describing my famous method. 32 Pages, packed with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic-Tension" has done for others. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your life – and its yours absolutely FREE! Check the kind of body you want below.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 218-U 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y. 10010.

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 218-U 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ More Weight – Solid – in the Right Places
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. 32 Pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Print Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip Code.....

In England: Charles Atlas, 21 Poland St., London, W.1

Joe Weider Creates the STRONG ARM METHOD!

MAY 25

She'll love the look of your ARM POWER!

NEW "HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER N'LEAD" BRACELETS ..... THEY TURN YOUR ARM POWER ON!

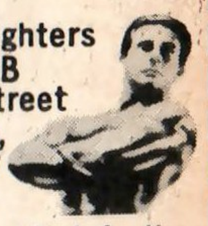
ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO WEAR THEM? Slip on these electrifying New **"Hell-Bent for LEATHER N' LEAD"** Strong Arm Bracelets—and instantly, in a second, your arms start oozing 100% more power! Your body takes on the appearance of ferocious strength—striking fear and terror into anyone who even thinks of attacking you!

Your manhood and virility "comes alive" and across swiftly to women—they instantly sense your sexual power and want to be in your arms! And because of expert craftsmanship, these genuine leather and gold-toned lead weights—with the word P-O-W-E-R spelled out on each of them—are the latest in 'MOD' fashions. They go well with all your clothes, turning them into vigorous-looking styles! You "come alive" with muscle and sex appeal!

NO EXERCISE—NO SWEAT TO CREATE ARM POWER! Just wear them anywhere—anytime—and they turn every arm movement into an instant arm builder! They build ferocious rugged power for any sport—yes, including KARATE! Go ahead, try them, Tiger! If you don't turn on the power fast return them for a full refund. Fair? **START NOW TO BECOME MORE OF A MAN IN SECONDS!**

TAKES A MAN TO WEAR THEM!

JOE WEIDER,
Trainer of Terror Fighters
" Dept. 209-51PB
531-32nd Street
Union City,
N.J. 07087



Dear Joe: Okay—Shoot the Works!—I'm man enough. I'll slip on your **"Hell-Bent for LEATHER N' LEAD"** bracelets and if **only one second** my arms do not "ooze" 100% more power—if they do not look ferocious—I'll return them for a full refund. I'm enclosing $_____ for the following order which you'll send postage-paid:

(CHECK ONE:)
☐ **$14.95 for 2 (one pair)**
☐ **$7.95 for only one (fits either right or left wrist)**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____